THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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☞ To persons residing outside the county 15 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.
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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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may chance to be of service in many homes! It will also serve us if it recalls the rules of OAK HALL, which are:

1st.—We never offer for sale any Clothing but what we believe will give thorough satisfaction to those who wear it.

2d.—We stoutly maintain our custom to always have the largest stock of men's and boys' clothing to show our customers.

3d.—We do not allow our salesmen to mislead customers as to fit or quality or kind of goods.

4th.—We stick to one price alike to everybody, rich and poor.

5th.—We give the guarantee with each sale we make.

6th.—We return the money to anybody who wish it, if they choose to bring back the goods uninjured.

These are the

Rules

we live by every day, as any one can see.

Oak Hall is still the Largest Clothing House in America.

Hoping to serve you this Fall and Winter

Yours truly,

Wanamaker & Brown,

OAK HALL,

Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.



New Style No. 11000. Dimensions: Height, 72 ins.; Depth, 24 ins.; Length, 49 ins.

DANIEL F. BEATTY

The most Successful House in the World.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

This Magnificent CABINET Organ

With an elegant Stool, Book and Music, boxed and delivered on board cars at Washington New Jersey, for

Only $63.00

Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money refunded after one year's use.

24 STOPS.

Specifications as Follows: 1 Cello, 8 ft. tone. 2 Melodia, 8 ft. tone. 3 Clarabella, 8 ft. tone. 4 Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. 5 Bourdon, 16 ft. tone. 6 Saxaphone, 8 ft. tone. 7 Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone. 8 Diapason, 8 ft. tone. 9 Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone. 10 Grand Expressione. 11 French Horn, 8 ft. tone. 12 Harp Æolienne. 13 Vox Humana. 14 Echo, 8 ft. tone. 15 Dulciana, 8 ft. tone. 16 Clarionet 8 ft. 17 Vox Celeste, 8 ft. tone. 18 Violina, 4 ft. 19 Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. 20 Piccolo 4 ft. 21 Coupler Harmonique. 22 Orchestral Forte. 23 Grand Organ Knee Stop. 24 Right Organ Knee Stop.

BEWARE! Do not think of buying an Organ that does not contain an Octave Coupler, a stop which doubles the power of the instrument. All of my organs have it. This Organ is a triumph of the Organ Builder's art. It is very beautiful in appearance, being exactly like the above cut. The case of solid walnut, profusely ornamented with hand carving and expensive fancy veneers. The music pocket is of the most beautiful design extant. It has the best rubber upright Bellows, with steel springs, rollers for moving, polished metal pedals, and handles, etc., etc. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

REMIT by Money Order, Express Prepaid, Bank Draft, or Registered Letters. Money refunded and all freight charges paid if not as represented. ☞ Come to Washington, New Jersey, and see Factory. (3 acres of space within walls of building) and select in person. Elegant carriage for visitors meets all trains.

BEATTY PIANOFORTES.



A RECENT ADVERTISEMENT.

A.—BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES.—"Magnificent holiday presents; square grand pianofortes, four very handsome round corners, rosewood cases, three unisons, Beatty's matchless iron frames, stool, book, cover, boxed, $222.75 to $297.50; catalogue prices, $800 to $1,000, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, after one year's use; upright pianofortes, $125 to $255; catalogue prices, $500 to $800; standard pianofortes of the universe, as thousands testify, write for mammoth list of testimonials; Beatty's cabinet organs, cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, $30 upward; visitors welcome; free carriage meets passengers; illustrated catalogue (holiday edition) free. Address or call on DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey."

☞ **IMPORTANT !!!** ☜

☞ I want it distinctly understood that I am prepared to offer to the public greater inducements to buy PIANOFORTES FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS than ever before. Why buy Grand, Square and Upright Pianos and pay manufacturers such enormous profits. Before you decide to purchase a Piano elsewhere, stop! Write at once for valuable information. Tricks of the trade. Where the cost comes in; how a $297.50 Piano cost $1000 through agents—profits of from $500 to $700 made on a single sale. A $1000 Piano sold to one man for $800, to his neighbor, the same Piano precisely, for $950, to another for $650. *Is this just?* I have one price, no agents, sales are made direct, my catalogue has no fictitious prices—ONE PRICE TO ALL.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

S. S. MARVIN & CO'S.

SUPERIOR CRACKERS AND

Pan Cake Flour.

Pancake Flour is just what its name implies, flour for Pan Cakes. The directions for use are with cold water or sweet milk, make a batter and bake at once on a hot griddle. This season its much cheaper than Buckwheat flour.

☞ ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. ☜

OUR

New York Water Crackers,

IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE CRACKERS

X X X OYSTER CRACKERS,

EXTRA SODA CRACKERS,

WINE CRACKERS

are superior to all others. When you buy crackers ask for MARVIN'S, and dont take any other, for they are the best. Office and Works,

91, 93, 95 and 97 Liberty Street,

Retail Department,

18 Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street. [Nov. 12, 1880.-tf.]

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Me. [8-4,'81.-1y.]

Orphans' Court Sale!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public auction or outcry, at the COURT HOUSE IN THE BOROUGH OF EBENSBURG, on

Saturday, 3d day of December, 1881,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, of which ELIZABETH THOMAS died seized, to wit:

A PIECE OR LOT OF GROUND

situate in the Borough of Ebensburg, fronting 33 feet on Lloyd street and extending back 106 feet to lot of C. T. Roberts, adjoining lot of Mrs. Gurley on the east and lot of M. L. Oatman on the west, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story **Frame Dwelling House.**

TERMS OF SALE.

One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bonds and mortgage of purchaser.

EDWARD THOMAS,
Administrator of ELIZABETH THOMAS, dec'd.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1881.-3t.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.
Estate of ELIZA McDONALD, dec'd.

Letters testamentary to the estate of Eliza McDonald, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will be required to have them properly authenticated for settlement before presenting them to

ELIZA ANN McDONALD, Executrix.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1881.-6t.

NOTICE.—The second and partial account of Joseph Criste, Committee of Ellen Callan, a lunatic, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, for confirmation and allowance, on the *first Monday of December next.*

JOHN C. GATES, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 8, 1881.-4t.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.—A rare chance to make money rapidly selling our *New Book:*

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of *to-day*, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLASS BROS., 700 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! For Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableaux, Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jarley's Wax Works, Wigs, Beards Moustaches, Costumes, Charades, and Paper Scenery. New Catalogue sent free, containing full description and prices. SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 E. 14th St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR Mark Twain's **NEW BOOK**

"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."

The best and funniest of all. Elegantly bound, with 200 fine illustrations. Just the thing for the holidays. Address F. C. BLISS & CO., Newark, N. J.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds, only $99. Pianos $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address F. Swain & Co., Augusta, Me.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year, in advance.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW.

How little we know of the world's care and sorrow
As we each tread along in our own chosen way,
Caring naught for the past, bound up in the present,
And never once dreaming, "We're passing away."
We see those surrounded by pomp, wealth and power,
And gaze on it all with an awe stricken heart;
And make a vain wish that fortune might shower
A part of her gifts to give us a start.

The world is a stage, as Shakspeare hath told us;
The players are many, the roles are but few;
We see only pleasure, to judge by appearance,
And everything painful seems lost to our view.
Ah! take just one glance behind the great curtain—
The veil of Society—changed is the scene;
Ah! here we can find the shadow and darkness,
Sorrow and care—nothing joyous is seen.

The homes of the wealthy now rise before us;
Luxury, splendor, contribute *this* scene;
A feast to the eyes of the poor, weary worker,
Who looks on it all as an enchanted dream.
How little he knows of the hearts of those households,
Where love is a stranger, and joy is unknown;
Thousands who live in butterfly fashion—
Their companions are many—yet ever alone.

Now give just a glance at the poverty-stricken,
Poor, wretched creatures, who struggle for bread;
Their place of abode, a damp, gloomy hovel;
"Work or starve" for their motto to fill them with dread.
Now gaze on the home where Love ever lightens
The burden of Labor, of which each has a share;
Each one ever willing to fulfill his mission,
Scattering kind words and good deeds everywhere.

In the battle of life, for an end we are aiming,
In each daily task we are called to pursue;
We must not permit the world to deceive us,
But take on each object a two-sided view.
Avoiding all sham, vile art and pretensions,
Being true to ourselves in our worldly career,
Our conscience to guide us, our God to uphold us,
Our way in the future will ever seem clear.

—*Minnie B. Lowry.*

THE MOONLIGHTER.

A STORY OF THE OIL REGIONS.

"Stranger, won't you come in a little while? I guess George has struck the sand, and he'll soon need some one, maybe, to reel out the line. I wouldn't trouble you, only you see there's nobody but me and Tom here, and when it comes to running the last bit and unhitching the temper screw, I would rather someone else stood by and fingered the throttle. Just hitch your horse to that line pipe, and come in."

With a vague idea that the speaker, a driller in the Northern oil fields, wished me to understand that someone was in the last trench of life, I dismounted from my horse and followed the man down a rocky path. From behind the western hills a broad belt of crimson lighted up the horizon; the sun, that had blazed with fierce shafts of heat all the long, cloudless day, sank behind the hills in a sullen, fiery splendor, leaving the bare hillsides tinged with gold, and shimmering with the waves of heat that crept over the mountain with the breath of a sirocco. Down in the rugged valley, the stones in the bed of the brook grasped, white and grey, for the cooling touch of the mountain torrent, so common with the deep fastness of the forest and rocks gave forth their prodigality of sparkling spring water. In the east great clouds of smoke, drifting hither and thither with the caprice of the slight summer breeze, crept up from the scorched hills and hung like a great solemn pall against the fading brightness of the sky. Tongues of flame shot spitefully into the heated air from burning oil wells and tanks, and from the spot where my horse was tied, stretching eastward as far as the eye could see through the broken forest, were the charred blackened evidences of a great oil fire.

"Just step in, sir, and I'll go and pump a pail of water from the tank," said the man, as he opened the door of a small hemlock board shanty that stood hidden in a clump of small trees. A step brought me to the middle of a small room. The walls were rough and bare, and through the wide cracks between the heat-warped boards the sun poured its last lingering rays of gold. In a rude, hard bunk fastened with nails against the wall a man lay and gasped for air and life, turning wistful, longing eyes out through the doorway and down the shaded valley into a grove of trees beyond. By his side sat a man trying to create a cool current of air with a pine shingle. Both looked up as I entered, and the sick man motioned me to a seat.

"Burned?" I intuitively guessed.

"Yes, and I guess its for good," was responded.

I rested my hand carefully on his throbbing temples and he breathed a long sigh of relief as he felt the moist, cool fingers on his burning head. And standing there, looking down at a face over which a pallor of death had crept unawares knew that the end was very near. He looked with great mournful eyes into my face for some signs of hope, but I turned my eyes and gazed away off at the smoke and the fire in the east.

"Don't look like that, stranger don't. Tell me that you think that there is hope," implored he, grasping my hand as a drowning man would clutch a straw.

"While yet there is life there are many chances."

"Yes, I know; but you don't think so. I can tell by your looks."

"Death comes to all men some day, what matters whether it be now or at some other convenient time?"

"Oh, I cannot die now. I never thought of it before, but I'm not ready now and never have been. I cannot leave this world, with all its troubles and sorrows, to go away into some other place I know not of. But I must, for I feel it coming on me. I can feel the cold, clammy touch and hear the drip and gurgle of water. Oh, I dare not go down in the valley of shadow and have the cold and darkness shut me out forever from the world."

He shuddered and grasped my hand with despairing strength, and a great nameless horror and fear crept over his face and left the grim, ghastly mark of death shining out of his dilated eyes. At length he gained the mastery over his feelings and faced the inevitable result with a bravery born of desperation.

"Ah, well; what's the use of shrinking? No man ever accused me of being a coward and I won't go back on myself now, and if I must die I will die just as I lived. My life has profited me nothing and I guess my death will be just the same. Perhaps I wasn't to blame; but, oh, I don't know—I cannot tell and it makes not one iota of difference now." and he turned his eyes down over the range of hills to the crimson clouds in the western sky.

"But, stranger," he continued, turning from the picture slowly, "you must want to know why I talk like this. Come closer and wave that shingle that Tom has made into a fan and I'll tell you. A few years ago I came to the oil country from as good a home as a young fellow could wish and started in business with bright prospects of success. I was quiest and steady going and took a sensible view of life. I was thinking strongly of getting married, and was making favorable progress to that end with the daughter of a well-known oil producer who had drilled "wild cat" wells until he was in debt from bed rock to crown pulley. There was absolutely no hope of ever making another cent as a producer, and to earn bread and butter for his family he was forced to act as superintendent of leases for a company of oil men. I was not the only young man by any means who paid attention to the young lady, but it was pretty generally conceded that I had the best chance. I loved her as I never thought a man could love a woman, and I was confident that she returned the affection. My strongest rival was a young oil producer who had a larger purse than I and who was nearly without scruples so long as he accomplished his end. I don't believe that money had any weight in the girl's eyes, but it had in her father's, and he did his best to influence her, arguing that money would help him make a fortune in oil wells.

"Then I was resolved on a desperate step. I determined to stake the largest share of my property on one single throw and work the oil market for what it was worth. My rival knew of my intention, and resolved on a still more desperate plan to bankrupt me and win the brown-haired, blue eyed prize I valued above all things on earth. On a certain day I went 'long' on the market thousands of barrels, fully confident that prices would go up at least fifteen cents a barrel. Next day rumors came from the backwoods that a two-hundred barrel well had been struck miles away from any development, and so sensitive was the market that prices fell away during the forenoon session of the Exchange. Speculators' scouts immediately started for the mysterious well, but as it would take them two days to reach it through the almost unbroken forest no positive information was looked for inside four or five days. What hours of suspense those were. I seemed to grow old in a day, and the agony I suffered was terrible. The second day a report came in that the well was larger than at first supposed, and before the deliveries were made that afternoon prices had weakened another five cent notch.

"I rushed from the Exchange almost delirious for I knew I was ruined and would lose the only treasure I held dear in life. For a week I lay sick in a hotel, and when I was able to be about I met the young lady on the street, and, merciful Heaven, would you believe it, she would not recognize me! That drove me wild, and I thought her as false as sin, and just as fair. I didn't know then what a great wrong had been done me and all the good that was in me seemed to go out, with no prospect of return. I don't know what I did or where I went for the next six months, but one morning I picked up a paper and read of the marriage of my rival to the only girl I ever loved. Oh, I can't tell you the feeling that swept through me, as I sat and felt the sunlight and beauty float out through the window beyond hope of human recall. I learned then that my rival had started the story of the new strike just on purpose to ruin me and further his own schemes. There was no new well and as soon as the brokers found it out prices went up again with a rush. Then he, curse him, who bought up all my oil when the crash came, unloaded at a high figure and made a heap of money. He told her I had lost all my money in gambling, and she believed him.

"Revenge is sweet! Oh, so sweet," he continued, rising himself on a pillow of half burnt coats, "and I've drank my fill, until the draught has become bitter sweet; yes, bitter sweet."

The man drank great gulps of water from the pail which one of the drillers had filled at the tank and sank back exhausted and gasping for air. Slowly the shingle waved to and fro in the stifling twilight, brushing back from the broad forehead wavy brown hair that had once been a mother's pride and a sweetheart's toy. He spoke again after a long interval of silence.

"I am going soon. The shadows are creeping closer and closer and I can hear—yes; oh yes, I can hear—the dip of the oars in the river of death. They are coming nearer and nearer, and when the boatman calls I cannot stay. But, stranger, I want to tell you the rest before I go. I want to tell you that I was bad after that awful day, and in less than a week I became a—I became—yes, I'd say it—I became a moonlighter. It wasn't the money I wanted, for I had enough to live on comfortably, but I wanted revenge on the cause of my wretchedness. He often wondered after he got married that he never prospered as he did before, and one day I told him that no man could prosper with unlawful gains. He called me a fool or a liar or something and I knocked him down and rubbed his nose in oil and mud I could have told him why all his wells refused to produce oil, but I never did. Nitroglycerine is the best thing to make wells flow, but it is also the very best thing to stop the flowing. A charge of nitro-glycerine exploded half way down the hole will blow a well all to pieces so that she would never be good for anything. Do you see?"

I looked at the man in surprise.

"Oh, you need't look incredulous, for it's a fact. I was pretty low down in the scale of morality then, and I used to go around at night and blow the fellow's wells out of existence as producers of oil. It was a mean thing to do, but he played a meaner trick on me. All his wells stopped flowing after a while and then he began to go down hill. Inside of a year he became a common drunkard and separated from his wife. His relatives wouldn't have him about and I don't know what has become of him. Dead, I guess.

"His wife then got one or two wells up in this ridge and produced oil on her own account. There, you can see them now, over on there on the hill, yonder. Those wells never dried up or stopped flowing, but kept right up to the mark in good style. I did hear that some one had moonlighted them on the sly to help the production and that they are now flowing more than ever."

He smiled knowingly at this, but offered no further explanation.

"When I saw the fires start over in the hollow yesterday I came over this way to protect her wells from the fire. I did so, but a few hours ago it cost me dear—it cost me my life. While fighting back the flames for the last time I was blinded by the smoke and fell into a pool of burning oil. The boys brought me over here and did their best to save me, but you see it was of no use."

He moved his blackened body with great pain and gasped in grim agony.

"She never knew it," he proceeded, slowly and in great distress, "and oh, she never will. Perhaps I've did some good towards her for the wrong I did her erring husband, but it seems hard to go out like this into the darkness and through the uncertain mists and fogs."

"But, my friend, you can go up into the sunlight and life of heaven if you only will ask."

"Oh, do you think so?" he eagerly asked. "Do you think I would have any chance? But what's the use of talking about it now? I have stayed without the great fold all my life and I will not, no, I cannot, be mean enough to ask for admittance now, with only one atoning act for a life of worthless chaff.

"Boys, I'm going now. Come nearer, stranger, and rest your hand on my head again. There, it's all right now. Yes, I'm going. Don't you hear the boatman calling? I see the boat and hear the oars of gold, but the river is so dark and there is no shore. I am growing colder than the chill of the river wind. Oh, Mary, God bless you, but you'll never know until it is everlastingly too late. And my mother, dear soul—don't—tell—don't tell her—tell—that I died—as—I lived."

The gloom and stillness of the night crept through the cracks of the little shanty and the soft mellow light of the moon came struggling over the trees and fell upon the trouble freed features of him who, in going out into the unknown, had died as he lived.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

You have seen and admired the weeping willow tree—the *Salix Babylonica*—upon which the captive Hebrews hung their harps when they sat down by the rivers of Babylon and "wept when they remembered Zion." It is a native of the garden of Eden, and not of America, and I will tell you how it immigrated to this country.

More than one hundred and fifty years ago a merchant lost his fortune. He went to Smyrna, a seaside city of Asia Minor, to recover it. Alexander Pope, one of the great poets of England, was the merchant's warm friend, and sympathized with him in his misfortune.

Soon after the merchant arrived in Smyrna he sent to Pope, as a present, a box of dried figs. At that time the poet had built a beautiful villa at Twickenham, on the bank of the Thames, and was adorning it with trees, shrubbery and flowering trees.

On opening the box of figs Pope discovered in it a small twig of the tree. It was a stranger to him. As it came from the east he planted it in the ground near the river close by his villa. The spot accidentally chosen for the planting was favorable to its growth, for the twig was from the weeping willow tree—possibly from the bank of one of "the rivers of Babylon"—which flourishes best along the borders of watercourses.

This little twig grew vigorously, and in a years it became a large tree, spreading wide its branches and drooping, graceful sprays, and winning the admiration of the poet's friends as well as strangers. It became the ancestor of all the weeping willow trees in England.

There was a rebellion in the English American colonies in 1765. British troops were sent to Boston to put down the insurrection. Their leaders expected to crush it in a few weeks after their arrival. Some young officers brought fishing tackle with them to enable them to enjoy sport after their brief war. Others came to settle on the confiscated lands of the "rebels."

Among the latter was the young officer on the staff of General Howe. He brought with him wrapped in oiled silk a twig from Pope's weeping willow tree at Twickenham which he intended to plant on some stream watering his American estate.

Washington commanded an army before Boston which kept the British imprisoned in that city a long time against their will. On his staff was his stepson, John Park Custis who frequently went to the British head quarters, under the protection of a flag, with dispatches for General Howe. He became acquainted with the young officer who had the willow twig, and they became fast friends.

Instead of "crushing the rebellion in six weeks," the British army at Boston, at the end of an imprisonment of nine months, were glad to fly to sea for life and liberty to Halifax. Long before that flight the British subaltern, satisfied that he should never have an estate in America to adorn, gave his carefully preserved willow twig to young Custis, who planted it at Abingdon, his estate in Virginia, where it grew and flourished, and became a parent of all the weeping willows in the United States.

Some time after the war Gen. Horatio Gates, of the Revolution, settled on the "Ross Hill Farm," on New York Island, and at the entrance to a lane which led from a country road to his house he planted a twig from the vigorous willow at Abingdon, which he had brough with him. That country road is now Third avenue and the lane is Twenty-second street. Gates' mansion, built of wood and two stories in height, stood near the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Second avenue, where I saw it consumed by fire in 1815. The tree which grew from the twig planted at the entrance to Gates' and remained until comparatively a few years ago. It stood on the northeast corner of Third avenue and Twenty-second street. It was a direct descendant, in the third generation, of Pope's willow, planted at Twickenham about 1722.—*B. J. Lossing, in Harper's Young People.*

EVERYBODY is a good fellow to somebody and if everybody knew everybody, everybody would think everybody a pretty good sort of fellow. The trouble is, everybody don't know everybody, and can't know everybody and wouldn't know everybody if he could, and hence everybody who is somebody to somebody, and hence a good fellow, becomes nobody to every other body, and hence a skezic of some sort. To nobody is everybody bad and nobody is bad to everybody, and in the millenium everybody will know everybody and find something good in him. Anybody knows that.—*Ex.*

FOR nervousness and Chronic Catarrh take PERUNA. I tried it.—L. K. MYSLER, Allegheny City, Pa.

A MAN'S STRANGE FIGHT.

It was in the Island of Borneo. A queer place it is, I tell you, and the queerest lot of people I ever saw in my life.

But, at the same time, if a man gets used to their ways, an old sailor might have a happy time living among the Dyacks.

I landed from my ship one day, and with Ned McKitrick, a boy from the greene isle, I started for a cruise on the shore.

We reckoned on a hunt, and brought guns, though we didn't know what kind of game we were likely to scare up.

And, if I must tell the truth, we didn't neither of us know much about a gun.

"Seth, me ould b'y," said Ned, "what kind av a counthry is this at all—at all? Look at the threes. By the great guns of Athlone but did ye iver see such big wans in all yer loife?"

Where we landed there was a little river making its way down to the sea, and while we were walking up to the woods [illegible]

Ned gave a war whoop and jumped four feet from the ground; for if there is any thing on the face of the earth that an Irishman hates it is a snake.

"Look at that fellow," he cried. "Shoot him, Seth. Kill him. Whoop! I never saw such a baste in all my loife."

I got him quiet after a while and went on into the woods.

Ned was wild at the fruits and flowers he saw and if I had let him, he'd have poisoned himself a dozen times before we got a mile on the road.

We kept the river for a guide because neither of us knew the country and if we once got lost in the trackless woods, there was little chance of our ever getting out alive.

Many a queer sight and sound disturbed us, and at last we sat down under a tree and took our lunch.

I had just mixed a little stiff horn of grog when Ned started up.

"Look yer here, Seth," he said. "See the baby now. Get out av that ye black thafe av the world."

Not far away, standing in a stooping posture, with his long arms extending by his side, was a huge ourang-outang, looking at us in [illegible] which seemed [illegible] of her [illegible].

He was a big fellow, nearly as tall as a man, and no wonder Ned, who had never seen anything like it, thought it was a man.

I didn't say anything and Ned stood looking at the ourang in the only way peculiar to an Irishman who thinks himself insulted.

[illegible]

The orang did not move or make any sound and Ned began to get mad.

He shook his head and walked toward the orang in a fighting posture, and I followed, because I didn't know what he was going to do.

"Now, look," said Ned, extending his hand. "I've got five fingers—or four fingers and a thumb, which manes the same thing—as well as you, an, be the powers, av ye don't spake till me, I'll show ye how they do the trick in ould Ireland."

"I wouldn't stand his nonsense, if I was you, Ned," I said, setting him on.

He didn't need any backing and went closer.

"Now, ye'll av that fist," he said, "[illegible] Smithereens."

The orang uttered a harsh grating [illegible] Irish [illegible] true fightin' style.

No one [illegible] an Irishman would have thought of such a thing, and I was [illegible] with laughter.

"Stand up, you villain," roared Ned—"How d'ye loike that one?"

The orang gave a yell like a [illegible] sprang at Ned's throat [illegible] a windmill.

In less time than it takes to tell it Ned was the worst looking Irishman in [illegible] the Island of Borneo.

I don't know what would have happened to him if I hadn't got out a knife and gave the orang a dig, for I didn't dare to fire at him while he was hanging on to Ned and clawing into him.

The minute the orang felt the knife he lit out, leaving Ned mad with rage, dancing wildly about, and blood running down his face from a dozen scratches.

"D'ye call that fair fightin', ye black thafe?" he roared. "Howld on; I'll come til ye."

To my surprise he set out on a run after the orang outang, which was running away among the trees, looking over his shoulder with an angry snarl, and [illegible] the blood which flowed from his wounded arm.

Ned wouldn't stop, and the only thing I could do was to run after him, for I didn't know what kind of trouble he'd get into if I wasn't by to help him.

He was a good runner, and was overhauling the man-monkey hand over fist, when four or five more dropped from the trees and joined their companion.

"Hold hard there, Ned," I yelled.

"Don't you see he's got help?"

"Sorra a bit I care!" roared Ned. "I can whip the party, av they'll only fight fair."

The orangs set up a chattering and yelling such as you never heard in your life, three of them, the one I had hurt among the rest, began to come toward us with such mischief in their eyes that I knew they were in for a fight. "Look out, Ned," I cried, "fire at them or you are gone."

"I pulled on the big fellow I had hurt, and he keeled over beautifully.

Ned, who began to have a faint idea of the truth, had the good luck to break the leg of another.

The piteous yell he uttered brought the others at us, and I drew my knife, a regular old bowie, and waited.

Ned, [illegible] his rifle and dashed in. But the ourang at which he struck [illegible] to [illegible] chattering.

My antagonist made a jump at me, and I felt the sharp claws in my throat, and struck out wildly and at random, and heard a half human groan, and my enemy lay dead at my feet.

As I jumped to help Ned, I saw him astride of the ourang which had pitched into him, pummeling him to his heart's content.

"Ah, wud ye, then?" he yelled. "Taste that, an' that, an' that. How d'ye loike that?"

"Come away, Ned," I said. "You'll have a whole colony of the hairy things on your back if you don't look out."

"Whoop! I'll tache them them to pitch into a thrue hearted Irish bye that niver harmed them in his loife. Taste av that, me jewel."

I dragged him off and got him away.

I didn't tell him that they weren't men we were fighting with until we got to the ship, and he was bragging how many Dyacks he licked.

Then I told the story, and a madder man you never saw in your life.

Of course it came to a fight and I had to win.

In Elysian Fields.

It is not generally known, I believe, that the famous garden known as the Elysian Fields is only a few doors out of the beautiful Champs Elysee. Perhaps some one will ask, And pray what is the Champs Elysee? In reply, I must say it is Paris, France, the whole world. There is no such avenue elsewhere on the face of the globe, and all so-called boulevards, no matter where situated, pale into insignificance when compared with Elysian Fields of Paris. Every one goes into Champs Elysee to talk about the races, women, pictures, all things interesting, excepting politics. If you want to discuss politics, just cross the river yonder by the bridge built from the stones of the Bastile, and under the shadow of the Palais Bourbon—where M. Gambetta lives, and the Chamber of Deputies hold their sittings—there enjoy yourself as you please; but in the Champs Elysee *jamais!*

Sit in the grand thoroughfare of an afternoon, and witness the fashionable folk and see the *demi-mondaine* returning from their drive in the Bois de Boulogne. The avenue is an immense inclined cone through which a host of carriages is constantly ascending or descending. At the bottom is the Place de la Concorde, with its many monuments and beautiful fountains, and its lost part of the Egyptian god Osiris, with the Garden of the Tuileries for a background. At the top of the great Arc de Triomphe overlooking everything; and behind it the setting sun shining in amber-colored tint, speaking to one's heart in a language not easily translated. Under the trees the promenaders are numerous. Little boys and girls with their nurses surround the Punch and Judy shows; and, strange to say, the white-capped, white-aproned young women in charge are paying a great deal more attention to certain men in army uniform than they are to the rising generation intrusted to their care by hopeful mammas.

All the iron chairs, at two sous each, are let to ladies, who are resting their weary bones, or are watching the defile of carriages, coloring the panorama now and again with bits of gossip about this, that or the other fair occupant. On the gravelled tracks *belles petit* walk and watch, just as many of the *beau monde* in the iron chairs are also on the keen lookout for men with money. All sorts of Parisian comedies are played here, and not to have visited the Elysian Fields is worse than going to Venice and coming away again without a ride in a gondola.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Industrial Art in India.

In every Indian village, says the Art Amateur, all the traditional handicrafts are still to be found at work. Outside the entrance, on an exposed rise of ground, the hereditary potter sits by his wheel moulding the swift-revolving clay by the natural curves of his hands. At the back of the houses which form the low, irregular street there are two or three looms at work in blue and scarlet and gold, the frames hanging between the acacia trees, the yellow flowers of which drop fast on the webs as they are being woven. In the street, the brass and coppersmiths are hammering away at their pots and pans; and farther down, in the veranda of the rich man's house, is the jeweller, working rupees and gold mohrs into fair jewelry—gold and silver earrings and round tires like the moon, bracelets and tables and nose rings, and tinkling ornaments for the feet, taking his designs from the fruits and flowers around him, or from the traditional forms represented in the paintings and carvings of the great temple which rises over the grove of mangoes and palms at the end of the street above the lotus-covered village tent.

At half-past three or four in the afternoon the whole street is lighted up by the moving robes of the women going down to draw water from the tank, each with two or three water jars on her head; and, so going and returning in single file, the scene glows like Titian's canvas, and moves like the stately procession of the Panathenaic frieze. Later, the men drive in the milk-gray kine from the moaning jungle, the looms are folded up, the coppersmiths are silent, the elders gather in the gate, the lights begin to glimmer in the fast falling darkness, the feasting and the music begin, and the songs are sung late into the night from the Ramayana or Mahabharata.

Metaphysical Discussion.

Sheridan had a great distaste to anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas his son Tom had taken a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity.

"Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do any thing in a state of perfect indifference—withhout motive, I mean, of some kind or other?"

Sheridan, who saw what was coming and by no means relished such subjects, even from Tom or any one else, said:

"Yes, certainly."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed."

"What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Yes—total, entire, thorough indifference."

"My dear father, tell me what it is you can do with—mind!—total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Why, listen to you, Tom," said Sheridan.

This rebuff so disconcerted Tom that he never forgot it, nor did he ever again trouble his father with any of his metaphysics.

American Silks.

An English periodical estimates that fully a third of the plain silks and a large proportion of the brocade silks worn there are manufactured in the United States. Our manufacturers, according to this authority, have set their faces against "loading," which prevails in Europe. Nearly all European broad black silks are doubled, sometimes even trebled, in weight in the dyeing of the yarn. The yarn is repeatedly dipped in nitrate of iron until sufficiently weighted, after which it is passed through a bath of prussiate of potash, and then treated with gambier and acetate of iron. To brighten it, it is next passed through a logwood bath and well soaked; if it is to be soft and satin-like, it is oiled and treated with soda; if it is to be stiff and rustling, it is dipped in acid. No wonder after this that the black silk cracks in the folds or wears "shiny." The way to ascertain whether the silk has been put through such a course is simply to burn a pattern of it. Pure silks crisp instantly, leaving a small quantity of charcoal; loaded silk smoulders to a yellow ash.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - NOV. 25, 1881.

IT is now said to be the settled determination of Mr. Arthur's friend, William Mahone, to signalize his repudiation victory in Virginia by procuring the election of Riddleberger to the Senate of the United States as the successor of Senator Johnston whose term of office will expire on the 4th of March, 1883. If old Virginia, the mother of States and of statesmen, can stand the double disgrace of being represented in the Senate by Mahone and Riddleberger, both of whom are the avowed and shameless foes of her plighted faith, humiliating as the spectacle may be, the country will have to submit to the infliction and bow her head in sackcloth and ashes,

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ALTHOUGH the Irish Land Court is cutting down rents in the western counties of that country nearly one-half, and in some cases more than one-half, and although the landlords are loud in their complaints against the stand taken by the Court in favor of the tenants, outrages against both person and property continue to be committed, showing that great discontent and a spirit of lawlessness prevail among the people. A Dublin correspondent in a letter of a very late date says: "the most sanguine prophets of peace and order must be disappointed at the present state of things and the propects for the winter. Outrages are breaking out again, which, it is feared, are only the beginning of a series of crimes."

NO MAN in this country can trim his sails to the political breeze so readily as Charles Foster, Governor of Ohio. He was the obsequious and servile admirer of Hayes and worshipped Gen. Garfield as the noblest of all our Presidents, not even excepting Washington. Although Arthur, Grant and Conkling despise him and did not hesitate to say so when he was in Congress, he now hastens to make fair weather with the administration after a visit to Washington by saying of Mr. Arthur: "In his bearing Arthur seemed more like a President than any other man he had ever seen at Washington. In his bearing and treatment of visitors he never erred. He was no doubt on the way to be the greatest of reconcilers, and while he sought to strengthen the party he had a pride in his administration," etc. etc. Unbounded thrift ought to follow Foster's abject fawning, but it won't. They understand him fully at Washington.

UPON the adjournment of Judge Cox's Criminal Court on last Saturday afternoon, the prison van with Guiteau seated in it started, as usual, for the jail, having one policemen as a guard, who sat on the seat with the driver. After proceeding a great part of the distance a man on horseback rode up to the rear of the van, hastily looked through the small grating, wheeled suddenly to the left and fired a pistol right through it. He then put spurs to his horse and dashed away in the direction of the National cemetery. The ball merely grazed Guiteau's left arm, near the elbow, inflicting a slight scratch, and he was in attendance at Court on Monday, as well as every day since. A half cracked fellow or crank called Bill Jones, who lives two or three miles out from the city was arrested as the person who fired the shot, and although there is some conflict in the testimony as to his identity it seems reasonably certain that he is the right man. If he is proven guilty, the fullest penalty of the law ought to be visited upon him. It is a reproach to the country that even in the trial of a wretch like Guiteau the administration of the law must be thus interfered with and the ends of justice frustrated.

REPORTS continue to come from Washington that when Mr. Arthur announces his cabinet after Congress meets Gen. Edward Beale will be the successor of young Mr. Lincoln as Secretary of War. "Ned Beale," as he is called, is a gentleman of wealth and leisure who lives on a farm near Washington, and among his other accomplishments he is reputed to be the best judge of a horse in the District of Columbia. He and Grant are thick and thin friends, and when Grant was President and after he retired from office and had a fine horse, or a pair of them, presented to him, he always sent them out to Ned Beale's farm to board and be properly cared for. Our "second Washington" has such unlimited faith in Beale that he is exceeding anxious to get him into Arthur's cabinet, in order, we suppose, that at least one member of it can "talk horse" in a scientific style. In this laudable effort to boost Beale, with all his knowledge about horse flesh, and without much knowledge about anything else, into the cabinet, Grant has the active co-operation of his original third-term friend, Simon Cameron, and if they can't put Beale through with Arthur no other two men need try.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR, now President of the United States, wrote a letter to George F. Hoar, President of the Chicago Convention, accepting the nomination for the Vice Presidency, in which he said: "There is danger in intrusting the control of the whole law-making power of the Government to a party which has in almost every Southern State *repudiated obligations quite as sacred as those to which the faith of the nation now stands pledged.*" Passing over the conspicuously false charge in this extract against the Southern States as a whole, the man who then made it has been straining all his energies in aiding Mahone to induce the people of Virginia to repudiate, to the extent of about thirteen millions of dollars, obligations regarded by him (Arthur) "quite as sacred" as the public debt of the United States. It is a foul blot on the fair name of the country to see its President assisting the freebooters in Virginia to perpetrate an open and unblushing act of robbery upon her creditors. And yet he has done it to the full extent of his power. Arthur has often been spoken of by the Republican papers in New York as "a ward politician," and his adherence to Mahone in his infamous repudiation crusade fully justifies the estimate formed of him by the journals of his own party.

ABOUT twenty-five leading independent Republicans from different sections of the State—men who did not support Mr. Wolfe in his late fight against the supremacy of the bosses, but voted for Bailey rather than that the Republican party should be shatered into fragments—met at the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday of last week, to deliberate upon and discuss their future action as Republicans. Among those who were present at the meeting were Congressman Bayne, of Allegheny county, Senator Davies, who was slaughtered by the bosses at the Harrisburg convention, Senator Lee, of Venango, Senators Stewart, Kauffman and Thomas, of Franklin, Lancaster and Bucks counties respectively, the editors of the Philadelphia *Press* and Lancaster *New Era*, Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, Thos. W. Phillips, of Lawrence county, the two last named being the only men present who voted for Wolfe, and E. K. Martin, of Lancaster, who read law in this place. Senator Lee acted as chairman, and was authorized by a resolution to appoint an executive committee and a general committee to promote the object of the meeting. As Wolfe runs a separate branch of the independents on his own hook, he was not present at the conference. All who were there agreed fully that it was vitally important that the independents should control the next Republican State convention, and so it undoubtedly is, but that happens to be the very thing that Cameron and Quay will not permit them to do, if they can prevent it, and that they can and will does not seem to us to be a doubtful question. The purpose of these independents is to fight their battle inside of the party, but if they fail in accomplishing their purpose, what then? This question they did not explicitly answer, but left it in abeyance. As long as they go on fighting for "reform," as they call it, within the party lines, Cameron and his trained cohorts will meet them at their own game and win every time. Wolfe's method of throttling the "Cameron gang," (to use the words of our friend Martin)—that is, by a movement *outside* of the party—is the only rational, as it clearly is the only effectual, way of dealing with the bosses. To break down any nomination made by Cameron at a State convention is Wolfe's plan, and that alone was his purpose, as he publicly avowed, in running against Bailey. He asserts that he will resolutely fight the battle out on that line in the future. It is that kind of a fight that Cameron fears, and he isn't the least bit frightened by being assailed within the Republican lines. Republican politics from now until the meeting of the next State convention will be watched with more than ordinary interest.

THE love of office which inheres in some men in this office-seeking Republic is really wonderful, and in many instances supremely disgusting. A very conspicuous case in point is the candidacy of Greenbury L. Fort for the office of Sergeant-at-Arms of the next Congress, which will meet on Monday week. Fort has represented the eighth Illinois district in Congress four terms in succession, and only went out of office on the 4th of March last. When we read the statement that he is a candidate for the place above referred to in the next House we had a strong suspicion that he was an Ohio man, and upon consulting the Congressional Directory we found that Fort had the luck of being born in that State, the prolific mother of cheeky, but successful, office-hunters, in 1825. Eight years' service in Congress has only whetted his appetite for another tug at the treasury teat, and that too in a subordinate position. To live at Washington and to draw his salary out of the public treasury is the supreme object of Fort's existence, as it is of so many others who hang around the national capital after the expiration of their terms of office, waiting for something to "turn up," in the shape of official position. This wild hunt after office, no matter what its character may be, provided only that it is an office, was well illustrated in this State a few years ago when an ex-Democratic member of the House from "Old Berks," came to Harrisburg and sought and obtained the important position of a member of the paster and folder brigade. Either a short time before or a short time after the exploit of this Democratic statesman from Berks, an ex-Republican member from Indiana distinguished himself in precisely the same way. We are a nation of hungry, chronic office-seekers. They swarm at Washington, at the capital of every State in the Union, and in every county from Maine to far distant Oregon.

IT always takes a rich man to run for Congress in the Eleventh New York (city) district. It was represented at the last session by Levi P. Morton, a banker, who was appointed Minister to France by Gen. Garfield, and it became necessary to fill the vacancy at the late election. Morton's election a year ago is estimated to have cost him $60,000. At the recent election the Republican candidate was William W. Astor, a young man of great wealth and fair ability, who, as he said himself, has long had a presentiment that he was destined to represent the Astor family in Congress. His theory in conducting his canvass was that he could purchase his election by the lavish use of money, and he boldly made the attempt. His gold eagles were scattered broadcast by himself and his corrupt agents in every lager beer saloon, brewery and dance-house throughout the district, and no doubt was entertained by him and his adherents that Morton's majority of 2,500 would be maintained. His Democratic opponent was Roswell P. Flower, who commenced life in the interior of the State as a poor boy and who by his energy, integrity and business capacity has made himself one of the foremost and best known citizens of New York. He is wealthy, but he started out in the campaign with the public pledge that he would use no money in buying votes and would only contribute to legitimate election purposes. He said he wanted to test the question whether a man couldn't be elected to Congress by the decent people of the district without the corrupt use of money, and the experiment was singularly successful, his majority over Astor running up to nearly 3,000. It is a high compliment to Mr. Flower, as well as creditable to the voters of the district, who showed themselves to be above the reach of Astor's gold. Astor's expenses are believed to have been about $90,000.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS INCOMPLETE—THE STAY-AT-HOMERS—FIFTY THOUSAND HONEST REPUBLICANS—THE CROWNING CRIME—EFFERVESING, UNHEALTHY EMOTIONALISM—THE GREAT PENSION ROBBERY, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 22, 1881.

[Special Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

DEAR OLD FRIEND—I sincerely sympathize with you in your deep affliction, and pray God to grant what you ask of Him. the grace and strength necessary to enable you to bear the heavy burden patiently and uncomplainingly. Your children are both happy in the felicity of God. They are now exempt from all that is evil. Consider your affliction as a grace from heaven. "Yea, Father! for so it hath seemed good in Thy sight." You and I may have but a day or two of pilgrimage and exile before us, and let us be prepared to be with them. What matters it how we are here below so that we will be with God for eternity. God bless and comfort you and yours.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS IS INCOMPLETE.

Let those who have sorrow not complain, and let all be thankful for the pleasures near them. Earthly happiness is incomplete. Many magnificent homes have their skeletons hidden in the closets from the light of the world; yet still they confront the occupants in secret. Many a seemingly brimful cup of pleasure holds at the bottom the bitter lees of misery. It is a great mistake to suppose that the joys and sorrows of life are unequally distributed. The man who is rolling in wealth seems to the casual observer to have the very cream of pleasure continually spread before him, but to one who makes nature a study and possesses the power to look deeper than the surface, this same rich man appears differently, and he readily sees that with all his riches he is not happy. God did not intend the world for an easy parlor through which we are to be drawn on a soft cushioned rocking chair.—We must work our passage through this world. The eminent Christian character is only attained by a Jordonic passage.

THE STAY-AT-HOMERS.

The fifty thousand voters of Philadelphia who didn't vote at the late election are called the "Home Guards" by the *Record* of this city, which also says: "If this army of stay-at-homers were told off by name, it would read very much like the list of home guards in the time of the war." The total vote of Philadelphia was only 112,945 for State Treasurer and 112,851 for Recorder of Deeds, and was the smallest vote cast in the city at a general election since 1873. Never before in the city was the Democratic vote so badly demoralized. A general cussedness seemed to pervade the Democratic ranks. The boss Republicans had forced an Independent revolt of such immense proportions, that they were driven to unusual expedients to save Baily. The bosses, however, were equal to the emergency, and for every bolting Republican they purchased a scurvy Democrat. There were more Democratic votes purchased for cash in this city than made Baily's plurality vote. The citadel of Democratic perfidy is the Fourth Ward, and to it Baily principally owes his success. To such men as McMullen, Donahue and McMenamin he owes his election. The boss Republicans who traded with McMullen and Donahue for Democratic votes for Baily and for Republican votes for Donahue, scored several thousand so called Democratic votes for Baily.—Happily, however, it is believed that the victory of Kennedy ends the disreputable careers of McMullen and Donahue in politics, and that the Fourth Ward has ended its slavish obedience to Republican jobbers. It is now belived that there will be an honest Democratic nomination in that citadel of Democratic perfidy. The triumph of Mr. Kennedy, although his election is an empty honor so far as the Senatorial services and salary are concerned, is a substantial victory over the Boss coalition of corrupt Democrats and Republicans. Mr. Kennedy was elected Senator because of his courage and integrity, and his election is a lesson well worthy the study of party traders. His triumph will be fruitful of beneficent results.

By the way, I will incidently remark that the "Committee of One Hundred" is proceeding very cautiously with its investigations of the election frauds in this city. It is greatly in fear that if great caution and care are not exercised the investigation might turn up a Democratic State Treasurer.

FIFTY THOUSAND HONEST REPUBLICAN VOTERS.

Trivial as was the election in Pennsylvania on the 8th instant—trivial as was the State office contended for—yet will the election be a memorable one in the political history of the commonwealth. It has shown that there are *fifty thousand* honest Republicans in Pennsylvania. Fifty thousand honest Republicans of this grand old commonwealth have shown their disgust of the "Riot Bill, Pardon Board Thieves." We have now the evidence of the gratifying fact that there are thousands of Independent Republicans in Pennsylvania who will not tamely submit to a "state" constructing clique. The fifty thousand votes cast for Charles S. Wolfe for State Treasurer were cast by the most influential, intelligent, patriotic, moral and honest Republicans in the commonwealth, and are an emphatic protest against Republican corruption. The Riot Bill, Pardon Board bosses are hastening their overthrow by their utter contempt for honest public sentiment. The arrogant Republican boss thieves of today may yet be pleading for mercy behind prison bars.

THE CROWNING CRIME.

The negro vote has everywhere been prostituted to the worst purposes, but the crowning crime of the negro vote was consummated on the 8th instant, when the stalwarts turned over to the tender mercies of the Repudiationists by the direct agency of Republican party as represented at the polls by the negro vote. The poor negroes, however, are not to blame for their share in the mischief, as they are the victims of their own faithfulness. The negro was bound by every consideration of gratitude to support the party that had conferred upon him the priceless boon of freedom, and he has in no instance failed to remember his obligation. When the Republican party gave unrestricted suffrage to the emancipated negroes of the South it became in honor bound to protect the country against the apparent mischief which its policy involved, as the intention was to use the negro vote exclusively for its own benefit, and the power which it thrust into ignorant and innocent hands has ever been wielded for the party's service and the country's harm, but the crowning crime was the turning of the State of Virginia over to the Repudiationists. President Arthur, with his stalwart policy, at once plunged into the Virginia campaign and threw all the power of his administration on the side of repudiation in the most aggressive manner. He bartered the power and patronage of the nation to a class of reckless demagogues, who boasted on the hustings that they would first repudiate the debt of Virginia and then repudiate the debt of the Union.—By a mean, shameful and disgraceful coalition with Mahone did President Arthur commit his administration and the Republican organization of the country to dishonorable repudiation.

"EFFERVESCING, UNHEALTHY EMOTIONALISM."

A New York clergyman, preaching on the subject of Sankey's gospel songs, says: "They foster a weak effervescing, unhealthy emotionalism, instead of earnest, intelligent, robust piety," and advises his lambs to "use very sparingly the modern trash known under the now generic name of Moody and Sankey hymns." He says they are, "both in words and music whipped syllabub, with bad eggs at that." A reverend gentleman whose name, if my memory serves me, was Hill, is accredited with saying that he didn't see why the devil should have all the good tunes; and the New York reverend gentleman, whose name is Lloyd, says he is perfectly satisfied and willing to give the devil all of Sankey's tunes. Every now and then since Sankey has so immensely popularized a particular class of gospel songs and melodies, it is considered the correct thing in many highly respectable quarters to give this class of hymnological and musical aid a smart rap or two. Rev. Lloyd says: "The sooner we stop ringing the bells of heaven the better." He insists that the effect upon the spiritual life by a constant use of the wretched doggerel and rollicking melodies of the Moody-Sankey books is very bad.—Rev. Lloyd, evidently has no ear for Moody-Sankey music, when he declares that he is "willing to give their modern revival hymnals to the devil, or to any other who would promise to burn them."

THE GREAT PENSION ROBBERY.

The American people hate and despise a sneak thief, but love and admire a dashing robber. The Commissioner of Pensions has put in a cool request for $100,000,000 for the next fiscal year, and he wants $20,000,000 of it right away, as a little deficiency pocket money. One hundred millions of dollars are required for pensions the present fiscal year. The pension robbery will not fall short of $500,000,000. A half billion of dollars is to be taken from the Treasury. The Pension Office, presided over by a petty politician at a salary of four thousand dollars a year, disburses more money annually than the interest on the national debt, signs more Federal checks than all the Cabinet and their portfolios, upon whose minute rulings hang millions of public moneys, now calls for one hundred million dollars as coolly as you would ask a man for hash. Sherman's carpentering, his bay rum and ... excite vigorous condemnation, but the gigantic pension robbery causes no unkind commentary. A great noise is made over petty looseness in accountability, but the most gigantic robberies are quietly acquiesced in. Think of the noise made about the little bit of carpentering done to Sherman's house in Washington while he was absent in Ohio attending to his fences, while not a word is whispered about the great pension robbery which will not fall short of $500,000,000. The door of the Pension Bureau lets out millions of dollars when only slightly ajar. The Pension Office, which disburses half of the revenues of the country, is used as a political machine by both parties. Congressional demagogues of both the Republican and Democratic parties took an active part in the work of plundering the Treasury under the hypocritical cant of "patriotism." Every political demagogue in Congress on the eve of the last Presidential election rushed into the great pension robbery and vied with each other in shoveling out the pension funds for votes. Republican and Democratic demagogues robbed the people of the United States of $500,000,000 to pay a fow surviving ex-soldiers for their franchises. Before the last Presidential election both parties went on the stump claiming the great "Pension robbery" as their own, and boasted of their patriotism in the robbery. It was done by both parties as a means of making political capital. Pensions to disabled ex-Union soldiers and their families is a sacred trust, but there are thousands of unworthy pensioners—men who do not merit a cent, and men who would not accept a cent if they had a particle of honor, manhood or patriotism in them. The people are groaning under the iniquitous burden. They are taxed ten dollars apiece for every man, woman and child, or from fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars for every adult male, to pay for this robbery.

This great robbery miscarried as a means of making political capital, and you don't hear any of the robbers of either party boasting of it now. The dark, mysterious shadow of the ex-soldier looms up ahead of them and the damning evidence of their partisan demagoguery in Congress hovers over their rear to estop complaint. Nor do you hear partisan journals which publish column after column of petty Treasury scandals declaim against the great pension infamy. How contemptibly mean sounds the hue and cry over Sherman's carpentering by the side of the pension robbery! That Secretary Sherman got much more than the carpentering job is very certain. That the work was done and that Sherman got the benefit of it there is no doubt, but why do not the journals that have so much to say about small Treasury stealings have something to say about the half billion of dollars stolen from the Treasury. I reiterate, how contemptibly mean sounds the hue and cry over John Sherman's carpentering by the side of the pension robbery.

The $500,000,000 was a bid from one political party through its representatives in Congress for the soldier vote, and the other party, frightened at the ghost of the ex-soldier, hastily converted the measure as its own, and both parties went upon the stump and claimed the pension robbery, but the base robbery itself miscarried as a means of making political capital. Neither party is getting just what it thought it was purchasing when spending other people's money with such liberality. The Congressional demagogues of both parties made an abuse of patriotism in the pension business. Thus it is that under the hypocritical cant of patriotism the National Treasury is being plundered.

G. N. S.

The Progress of Repudition.

The Repudiators have carried the day in Virginia. Their triumph is due to the open support of the Federal Administration, and to the large amount of money raised in Northern cities to conquer the prejudices of uncertain voters. The Post Office and the Treasury Departments, with the entire strength of the Internal Revenue Bureau, were used by Mahone in this campaign, as if they were his personal dependencies.

The negro vote was cast nearly solid for the Repudiation ticket, and joined with it were thousands of whites, glad of an opportunity to trample under foot a sacred debt, not a dollar of which can be charged to carpet-bag rule or to military government.

What are the facts in this case? The debt was contracted before the civil war, and it is represented by railroads, canals, turnpikes, institutions for the insane, dumb, and deaf, and by universities and colleges founded and endowed. Every department of the State Government recognized it as completely valid and obligatory. After charging one-third of the original debt to West Virginia, as her just portion on separation, Mr. Mahone, in a written speech delivered in Richmond, Feb. 25, 1879, said:

"I would use my best endeavors to secure a vote of the people sanctioning a settlement at 3 per cent. for forty-five years, on the basis of $82,907,-090.52. I would do so because I believe it to be right."

Recently, in an address before the Union League in this city, Mr. Mahone declared:

"If we carry the Legislature, as we hope to do, we shall adjust the debt on that basis ($20,000,000). On the other hand, our enemies assume a debt of $33,000,000—offering to pay $13,000,000 which they do not owe."

The Democrats adjusted this debt with the creditors, under what is known as the McCullough bill, in a way that imposed no heavy burdens on the State, and yet saved its credit from dishonor. The Repudiators were not satisfied with that settlement. They rallied their forces in 1879, and carried the State. One of the first acts of the Legislature was to pass the Riddleberger bill, providing as follows:

First—Repudiation of $13,000,000 of the principal. Secondly—Taxation of the bonds, principal and interest. Thirdly—Repeal of the provision making the interest coupons receivable for taxes.

Governor Holliday, Democrat, vetoed this scheme. The question before the people at the recent election was practically, therefore, whether Repudiation should be sustained or should be rejected.

Upon that distinct issue the Republican party of the nation and the Federal Administration took Mahone's side, and the result is before the country. The new Legislature will meet on the 6th of December, and it may be confidently assumed that the Riddleberger bill will be again passed, and this time it will be signed by the new Governor, a Repudiator. With a single exception, all the Judges of the Supreme Court will be chosen by this Legislature, so that it will be packed in the interest of Mahone and of Repudiation.

The Republican party is now committed to Repudiation. The Federal Administration, by the steady support and countenance given to the Repudiators, have just elected for the Governor of Virginia a man who long ago made a full profession of his faith in these words:

"As to the full and final payment or liquidation of the present enormous national debt, he that knows the American people and their utter deficiency in the high qualities of truth and integrity, knows that such an expectation is but an idiot's dream."

"For ourselves, we shall rejoice when the crash comes. It is a debt contracted in the prosecution of an injurious and unnecessary war."

The Attorney-General of Virginia also proclaimed publicly after the passage of the Riddleberger bill that he was in favor of "the vigorous application of the principles of repudiation to the national debt."

Are the Republican party prepared for the next step in this career?—*N. Y. Sun.*

SEEKERS AFTER HEALTH.—Unfortunates who are seeking to renew their health, are many. So often have they been deceived by the advertisements of worthless compounds, that many are discouraged, and refuse to believe anything they read in the papers. Therefore, the best advertisement of a really good medicine is the reputation it has gained in places where it is being sold. No other remedy ever discovered has grown so rapidly in public favor as that true medicinal tonic called Brown's Iron Bitters. In localities where its extraordinary merits have become fully known and realized by those who have been in ill-health, the sale is unprecedented. One druggist in our city reports the sale of 238 bottles in one week. It is, indeed, a wonderful, health-giving, life-saving preparation. It is soothing and refreshing in its effect, and strengthens every part of the body, and creates healty appetite and digestion, even when the system is almost destroyed by the many hurtful cathartics so commonly used. Reader, beware! duty demands that you try Brown's Iron Bitters, if your health is poor from any cause.—*Enquirer.*

THE State Asylum for the Insane, at Columbus, Ohio, was destroyed by fire on Friday. It was completed in July 1877, at a cost of $1,520,980 and had accommodations for 900 persons. A lady attendant was overcome by excitement and for a time was entirely bereft of reason but by care she was soon restored. The 614 pupils and all the employes were safely moved from the building and the only accident occurred to a fireman, who sprained his leg. Dr. Doran is firmly convinced that the fire was the work of an incendiary. Superintendant Rutter has furnished temporary assistance to about two hundred sufferers. The officers, teachers and employes lost everything except the clothing they were wearing. Dr. Doran says that the loss will amount to $100,000 or $150,000. There was no insurance on the property, as the State does not insure its buildings.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Scoville says his client never smoked, drank, or chewed.

—Postmaster Diedler, of Mt. Pulaski, Ill., is charged with hypothecating postage stamps.

—More freight went over the Pennsylvania railroad in October than in any one month in its history.

—Eugene Sullivan, of Lock Haven, has been arrested for fatally beating his wife on Saturday last.

—Elisha T. Tuttle, of Indianapolis, has been sentenced to prison for life for the murder of George Fischer.

—A Hungarian employe of the Bethlehem Rolling Mill was choked to death on Saturday while eating dinner.

—Richard Evans, of Monroe, Wyoming county, was run over and killed near Wilkesbarre on Saturday by a street car.

—Dr. Shelton MacKinzie, the well-known author and editor, died in Philadelphia on Monday, aged seventy-four years.

—John Heck, of Berks county, aged 86 years, who died last Friday, was covered by speculative insurance to the amount of $100,-000.

—William Jones, who is charged with having attempted to kill Guiteau on Saturday, was bailed on Tuesday and his case was before the Grand Jury.

—Four laborers were terribly injured by falling from the eighth to the fourth story of the new Mills building, on Broad street, New York, last Monday.

—Mrs. John Steinmetz, of Hanover, Lehigh county, fell to the floor in a fit on Friday. In the fall she struck her 1-year-old child, killing it instantly.

—John A. Snyder, of Mount Joy, Lancaster county, was instantly killed by a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad on Tuesday morning. He was very wealthy.

—Peter Henger, of New York, interfered to prevent Jacob Lannerman from shooting his wife, and was shot in the breast by Lannerman, who then committed suicide.

—A gray squirrel which measured two feet five inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, and weighing four pounds and twelve ounces, was shot near Erie a few days ago.

—There is a panic in the Schuylkill mining regions on the subject of diphtheria, the deaths having become so numerous that an entire family of children were swept away last week.

—Eight of the jurors who acquitted Bella Spaulding of murdering her husband, at Galesburg, Ill., accepted her invitation to a banquet in celebration of her escape from the gallows.

—The season's entertainments have been notably free from annoyance by coughing. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup does this. Price 25 cents a bottle,

—It is now thought that Mason, the soldier who attempted to shoot Guiteau, is insane, and the order to try him by Court Martial has been rescinded. If it turns out that he is not insane, his trial will proceed.

—Mrs. Mary Ockentuss, of Eaton, Wyoming county, died a few days ago at the age of 80 years. There was nearly $90,000 insurance on her life upon the speculative plan.

—Mrs. Maria Haldeman, of Mahanoy City, will turn her 100th year in July of 1882. Mrs. Simpson, living near Pottsville, is over 100 years, and has a son who is 76 years old. Both ladies are quite active.

—Henry Brakeread and Joe Blase were on Tuesday killed and A. Beheunt seriously injured by a locomotive running down the hand car on which they were riding on the Dayton and Michigan Road.

—James Harwood, of State Line, Erie county, died one night recently while engaged in conversation with his wife. She thought he had fallen asleep, and discovered the next morning that he was dead.

—A young lady has been discovered in Oil City, whose feet, the two together, are 23 inches long. That makes each foot about eleven and a half inches. The young lady is visiting there. Her home is in Chicago.

—Osborn Phipps, colored, on Saturday last at Nances, Ga., drank a quart of whisky on a wager and soon afterward died. Denson, a grogshop keeper who furnished the whisky, has been presented to the Grand Jury at Columbus.

—The wife of a Michigan Sheriff locked the jail doors on six lynchers who had entered to murder a prisoner. Although this left no doubt as to their identity, and no denial was made of their intention, a jury refused to convict them.

—A stranger assaulted W. H. McDermott, of Wilkesbarre, on Sunday morning and after beating him nearly insensible placed a revolver against his head and snapped it six times, but the cartridge failed to explode. The assailant escaped.

—Eddie and Aleck Howard, colored boys, have confessed to the murder of Richard K. O'Neill, aged 14, on the 9th inst. in a field near Franklin, La. They took O'Neill's gun away from him, shot him through the shoulder and beat him over the head.

—Frank Cupperneal, keeper of the Hub House at Clayton, N. Y., his wife, two children, and Charles Wilson, keeper of the Cliff House, his wife and two children, eight in all, were drowned on Saturday morning while crossing Eel bay in a small boat.

—Wm. J. McCahill, a Cincinnati printer who shot and killed Martin Corcoran, a compositor on the *Dispatch*, during the recent printers' strike in Pittsburgh, was on Thursday last acquitted of the crime, the verdict being that the shooting was done in self-defence.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company had great difficulty during the past summer on account of the drouth in obtaining water for their locomotives. They are now making arrangements to sink a number of Artesian wells at different points along the line of the road.

—Barbara Miller, a Cincinnati servant girl, was on Tuesday last, set upon by two masked men, who knocked her down, stuffed her mouth full of rags saturated in coal oil, and covered her with boards. She finally succeeded in freeing herself. The cause of the outrage is shrouded in mystery.

—Mr. Scoville closed his opening speech in the Guiteau trial on Wednesday. He denounced the spoils system as being responsible for the murder of President Garfield.—Witnesses for the defense testified as to hereditary insanity in the prisoner's family, and to his peculiar freaks as a lecturer.

—The death bed insurance question has been brought to an unexpected issue in Pittsburgh by the arrest of two agents for State insurance companies of a suspicious nature. Another man, who operated with the above named parties, was subsequently arrested in Harrisburg. The trio gave bail for trial.

—George Weir, murderer of Stirling Riggs, and son of General Wier, who was recently killed by his son James, was brought into court at St. Clairsville, Ohio, on Monday, and plead guilty to murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and was immediately taken to Columbus.

—Chris. Davis, a mulatto who was in jail at Athens, O., for an outrageous assault upon Mrs. Locke, an elderly woman, was hanged by a mob on Sunday night. The Sheriff was overpowered and held while the mob broke into the cell and took Davis out. Next morning his dead body was found hanging to a bridge over the Hocking river.

—Uriah Moyer, charged with complicity in the murder of John and Rachel Kintzler, an aged couple, in Troxelville, Pa., on the night of Dec. 8, 1877, for $7,600, has been arrested in Cass county, Mich. Three of his accomplices are under sentence to be hanged on Dec. 16, and in confessing the crime one of them implicated Moyer as the one who shot Mr. Kintzler.

—Two years ago a monk in Rome discarded his gown and became a furious opponent of the Papacy, but owing to an embezzlement of money he had to leave the city. He was sought for in vain until the 29th ult., when two policemen caught him gazing into the window of a jeweller's in the Corso, and he is now serving out an eighteen years' term in the galleys.

—The 13th, 15th and 17th days of November, 1881, have passed and gone, and notwithstanding the predictions of prophets in both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, the world is not destroyed by flood, fire or other calamity. Don't put your faith in the latter day prophets, who set a day for the destruction of the world, but live honestly before God and man.

—The miracles at Knock are about to be revived. Reports from Claremorris state that a most wonderful cure was effected on Sunday. The Nun of Kenmare, an invalid for years, was carried during Mass before the altar rails and received Communion. She got up and knelt, a thing she had not done in nine years. Many priests and hundreds of people were present.

—A young man named Daniel Hummel, residing near Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county, went out riding on Sunday and did not return at night. Next morning a party went in search of him. Two children crossing the second montain found him laying on the ground, with a bullet-hole in his head and his horse standing beside him. He was in a dying condition and died soon after being brought home. It is believed he was murdered and robbed.

—The true inwardness of the late Newark bank failure is fast coming to light. It is now learned from the Wall street brokers that cashier Baldwin was frequently and largely engaged in stock speculations—operating mostly in the name or on account of his wife and brother. It appears that one concern alone was at one time carrying stocks for him which represented more than $1,000,-000. At the same time he was interested in other ventures equally hazardous, if not so large.

—In the quo warranto proceeding instituted at Harrisburg by the State against speculative insurance companies counsel for the defendents asked on Monday for an extension of time to prepare their reply more thoughly. No objection was made, and with the understanding that there were to be no further dilatory motions the court fixed Monday, December 12, for argument.

—The wife and grandaughter of J. Waldron, of Straford, N. H., were found Sunday with their throats cut. While lying sick in bed, but with no symptom of mental derangement, Mrs. Waldron called her granddaughter to her by offering her a piece of candy, and then cut her throat from ear to ear with a razor, immediately afterward cutting her own throat. Mrs. Waldron was 60 years old.

—Postmaster General James, in his report recently published, thinks that not only can the department be made self-sustaining, but that within three years a reduction of letter postage from three to two cents will be possible. This, he thinks, could be accomplished by proper economies and by ceasing to load down the mails with bulky and unprofitable third and fourth class matter. The people are in favor of the utmost economy consistent with efficient service, and, above all, believe in the money being used for legimate purposes; but they do want efficient service if they have to pay for it.

—Dr. Harbison Wagner, of Frederick, Md., has been a troublesome citizen for this many a year. His method has been to bring suit for damages for imaginary wrongs before some obscure magistrate, and to obtain judgment by default. His notoriety as a litigant is widespread, and no less general will be the gratification of the public to learn that he has been brought up with a round turn. Judges Lynch and Bonic, of Frederick, acting upon a test case decided that Wagner has been fraudulently obtaining judgments, and they make a perpetual injunction, restraining Wagner from forcing payment in any one of the many cases before the courts of the county.

—On Saturday morning Henry Motter, a workman employed in mining ore at the banks near Carrick Furnace, Franklin county, had a terrible fall. He was being lowered into the shaft, which is ninety-seven feet deep, in a bucket. By some means the bucket in which he stood became detached from the hook of the rope and Motter fell to the ground below, a distance of seventy feet. The hook on the end of the rope caught in Motter's arm tearing the flesh in a terrible manner, in addition to other injuries sustained by him in his fall. The man was taken from the mine unconscious and removed to his home near Carrick.

—George Law, who died a millionaire, on Friday, began life in Troy, N. Y., without a friend in the world. One day, while passing along river street, a hod carrier who was carrying bricks for the masons on an unfinished building, fell from the ladder and broke his leg. Young Law stepped up to the foreman and said, "Can I have that man's place?" "Did you ever carry the hod?" asked the foreman. "No." "You will break your leg, and perhaps your neck." "I will run the risk," said George Law, and from this beginning he became one of the wealthiest builders in the United States, always "running risks," but for many years everything he touched turned to gold.

—A Cincinnati *Gazette* special from Athens, Ohio, states that when Doyle, who was lynched at that place on Sunday night, was taken to the bridge with a rope around his neck he was asked to confess. He inquired what would be done with him if he confessed. They told him he would be taken back to jail to be dealt with by law. Being assured they would not hang him if he confessed, he said: "I'm the man." At this there was an instant cry, "Throw him off!" The other end of the rope was made fast to the bridge. They gave him three minutes in which to pray, but he did not attempt a prayer. He said he was ready to die and when the time expired he was hurled off the bridge and his neck was broken by the fall.

FROM "THE TIMES."—*Editor Times:* Seeing an article in your paper last week from Arnold Parker, I was impressed with the earnestness with which he appeals to you to continue to enlighten the world in regard to the means by which he was so miraculously cured of rheumatism and hip joint lameness by using Kendall's Spavin Cure. The article to which he alludes by Dr. Bates, impressed me so favorably with the real merits of this remedy that I tried it also for several blemishes on my horses and found it the most perfect cure I ever tried for spavins and other blemishes, as it completely removes the enlargement in every instance by continuing its use for several days after the lameness had subsided. The perfect success I have always had with Kendall's Spavin Cure led me to use it on my own person, and for all the family with the very best results as a family liniment. While several of the cures made with it have been almost miraculous, none have been more satisfactory than several cures which I made with it of foot-rot and also sore teats as well as warts on teats of cows. I consider it a *sure cure* for sore teats or foot-rot in either cows or sheep. With the satisfaction this remedy has always given in every instance, I cannot refrain from asking with my friend Parker that you continue to make known to the world this, the grandest discovery of the nineteenth century. Yours truly,

JAMES A. CAMPBELL.

Herkimer, N. Y., Sept 10th, 1881.

[The above letter, with one published last week, encourages us in our efforts to make our paper one of the most valuable journals of the country and to all our patrons, and we now ask of our readers who have been alike benefited by the letter published one year ago from Dr. Bates, that they send us, for publication, statements which they may wish to make for the benefit of others.—ED.]

THE SEVENTH COMET OF THE YEAR.—Director Swift, of the Warner Astronomical Observatory Rochester, N. Y., at 11 o'clock P. M. of the 16th inst., discovered a faint, round, tailless comet in the constellation Cassiopeia, which has a right ascension of 1 hour and 50 minutes and a declination north of 71 degrees with a motion slowly westward. This is the seventh comet which has been discovered since the first of May last, four of which meeting the conditions of the fund, have received the Warner Prize of $200, Prof. Swift procuring the first and last award. Inasmuch as the comet of 1812 is expected in the quarter in which this one appeared, Prof. Swift is not sure at present that the stranger may not be the familiar comet which was discovered by Pons. In 1878 Director Swift, at Denver, claimed to have discovered an intra Mercurial planet In May, 1882, he will visit Egypt, under the munificent provision of Mr. H. Warner, to observe the Total Eclipse, at which time he hopes to verify his intra Mercurial planet discovery. Mr. H. H. Warner's generous patronage of science has given astronomical study a wonderful impulse during the past twelve months, and the country is to be congratulated on having so broad minded a man so "substantially" devoted to the upholding of her intellectual as well as physical interests.

WINSTON, Forsyth Co., N. C.

GENTS: I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist church of this place and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtues of your Bitters.

Very respectfully. REV. H. FEREBEE.

FANNY WALTERS, a notorious female saloon-keeper on Diamond alley, Pittsburgh, has been convicted of employing lady waiters in her saloon About twenty girls were employed to lure men into her place, and countrymen were frequently robbed by these degraded women Sentence was suspended until Lena Wilson, another saloon keeper, is tried for the same offense. Fanny discharged all her girls next morning.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself from every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so, call at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa., and procure a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it. Use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

THE Supreme Court of Vermont on Saturday overruled the exceptions raised by the counsel of Emeline L. Meeker, of Waterbury, Vt., the convicted child murderer, and sentenced her to be confined in the State prison at Windsor till the last Friday of March, 1883—the last three months solitary—and then to be hanged.

SICK HEADACHE. Nervous Headache and Headache from sour stomach are all cured by DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cents.

THE river at Pittsburgh rose on Monday and nearly 11,000,000 bushels of coal, bound for Cincinnati and Louisville, were floated out.

I HAD great trouble with my lungs until I used PERUNA. Am well.—Mrs. A. BRISKE, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE RESULT IN THE STATE.

Following is the full vote by counties in this State for President in 1880 and State Treasurer in 1881. Compare them and note the large decrease in the vote at the recent election in comparison with that of last year:

COUNTIES.	1880. PRESIDENT. Hancock, D.	Garfield, R.	1881. TREASURER. Noble, D.	Baily, R.
Adams	3752	3137	2871	2348
Allegheny	22096	35539	9800	15679
Armstrong	3991	4721	2486	2893
Beaver	3498	4700	2635	2949
Bedford	3723	3638	3370	3163
Berks	16959	9225	9920	4650
Blair	4728	5808	2435	3275
Bradford	4950	8152	2960	4387
Bucks	8627	8385	6996	6246
Butler	4678	5269	3327	3517
Cambria	4555	3962	3565	3117
Cameron	582	647	479	510
Carbon	3464	2857	2719	2152
Centre	4598	3602	3491	2344
Chester	7524	11298	4298	5636
Clarion	4433	2933	2734	1739
Clearfield	4928	3165	2994	1841
Clinton	3117	2284	2525	1819
Columbia	4598	2236	2878	1247
Crawford	5847	7192	3718	4567
Cumberl'd	5462	4431	4023	2822
Dauphin	6619	8573	3900	5793
Delaware	4473	7008	2372	3221
Elk	1534	720	1242	629
Erie	6471	8752	4130	4656
Fayette	6259	4929	3752	3458
Forest	328	390	255	371
Franklin	4064	5379	4911	4096
Fulton	1252	853	1138	768
Greene	4271	2210	2976	1530
Hunting'n	3039	3787	2935	2629
Indiana	2119	4617	1163	3109
Jefferson	2635	2760	2212	2203
Juniata	1999	1625	1707	1446
Lackawana	7178	7357	4116	4220
Lancaster	10789	19489	5770	9899
Lawrence	2047	4390	1221	2062
Lebanon	3218	5042	1623	3191
Lehigh	8292	6144	5756	4468
Luzerne	12573	11028	7635	5879
Lycoming	6416	4955	3629	2751
McKean	3169	3693	2192	2477
Mercer	5029	6079	3513	3971
Mifflin	1955	2075	1689	1469
Monroe	3334	962	2358	649
Montgom'y	11025	11026	8949	8407
Montour	1862	1265	1340	891
Northam'n	9653	5961	5179	2914
Northum'd	3931	4847	4410	2148
Perry	2894	3032	2435	2720
Philadel'a	76335	97220	42357	45866
Pike	1332	573	862	206
Potter	1154	1773	594	1236
Schuylkill	11511	9337	8089	4962
Snyder	1579	2120	1278	1367
Somerset	2500	4150	2053	3528
Sullivan	994	625	679	417
Susqueha'a	3892	5031	2542	3521
Tioga	2815	6019	1297	2737
Union	1502	2234	1154	838
Venango	3573	4089	2958	2302
Warren	2118	3207	1369	1927
Washingt'n	5850	6451	4703	5362
Wayne	3424	3122	2254	1720
Westmore'd	7978	7113	5222	4398
Wyoming	1983	1787	1796	1559
York	11581	7899	7068	4307
Total	407428	444704	256471	263295
Majority		37276		6834

Charles S. Wolfe, Ind. Republican, 49,984.
Reno W. Jackson, Greenbacker, 14,976.
James W. Wilson, Prohibitionist, 4,507.

NEW JERSEY'S INDUSTRIES.—New Jersey is becoming famous for her Cabinet Organs and Pianofortes. Within her boarders upon the line of the D., L. & W. R. R., one of the great trunk lines leading to the West and Northwest lies Washington, a thriving young city whose rise in the world, is directly attributable to one man and his enormous manufactory which stands in full view of all trains passing that place. This man is the Hon. D. F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, well known to our readers from his frequent advertisements. His factory is a mammoth affair having a space of three acres within its walls an adjoining space of eleven acres for the storage of lumber, etc. Mayor Beatty has won his way to the front rank by stalwart merit, in every detail of manufacture, keeping steadily in view the fact that people cannot afford to pay exorbitant middlemen's profits on Pianos and Organs.

He is one of the most responsible men in the State and all who deal with him can depend upon obtaining not only superior instruments, but those lowest in price as they are made by the most economical system and by the most improved machinery. Ten years ago Mr. Beatty was poor obscure and plowing barefoot upon the Hillside of Hunterdon County, New Jersey; to-day he stands a brilliant example of what honesty, industry and thrift will do. Who would not encourage such a man? Read this great offer in this issue. Send him your order early, or write at once for his Latest Illustrated Catalogue (Holiday Edition).

Cuticura

Scrofulous, Itching and Scaly Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood Cured.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient is a man forty years old; had suffered fifteen years. His eyes, scalp and nearly his entire body presented a frightful appearance. Had had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as iodide potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc. Had paid $500 for medical treatment with but little relief. I prevailed upon him to use the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and was completely cured. The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months.

Reported by F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

SCROFULA SORE.

Rev. Dr. ——, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, said that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore, which was slowly draining away his life, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The poison that had fed the disease was completely driven out.

EXZEMA.

Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Exzema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried various remedies with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.

LEW. M. FRAILEY, 84 South St., Baltimore.

CUTICURA.

The Cuticura treatment for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.

Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE!

Complete Treatment For $1.00.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no choking, no distress. These happy conditions are brought about in the severest cases of Catarrh by that most agreeable, economical, speedy, safe and never failing specific, SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. Complete and infallible treatment, consisting of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and one IMPROVED INHALER, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

General Agents, WEEKS & POTTER. BOSTON, Mass.

PARSONS' EXTERMINATOR

RATS, MICE, Roaches, Water Bugs and Red and Black Ants eat ravenously PARSON'S EXTERMINATOR and die. No fear of bad smells. Barns, granaries and households often cleared in a single night. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. No failure in 30 years. Every box warranted. Sold by all grocers and druggists. Ask for PARSONS'. Mailed for 35c. by WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY P[OST]

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No Lowering the Flag. No Concession.

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M. E. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 25, 1881.

PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

$5.00 FOR $3.50.

With a view to increasing our circulation, we make the following liberal offer: To each of our patrons in the county who will pay all arrearages, if any are due, and send us the name of a new subscriber to the FREEMAN on or before the 1st day of March next, accompanied by $3.50 to pay for both subscriptions one year and two copies (one to each) of Kendall's "Treatise on the Horse and Its Diseases," the best work of the kind ever published, or to any of our patrons outside of the county who will send us $3.90 for themselves and a new subscriber, the additional 40 cts. being for postage on our paper, we will not only send to each a copy of the horse book, but to the one remitting the money we will also send a receipted bill for one year's subscription to the COTTAGE HEARTH, an Illustrated Magazine of Home Arts and Home Culture, published in Boston and containing Portraits and Sketches of Distinguished Persons, Superior Home Music, Choice Poetry, Stories and Adventures, Ornamental and Fancy Work, the latest Fashions, the Mother's Chair, the Student's Corner, &c., all fully illustrated. As the two copies of the FREEMAN and horse books are alone worth the money asked, it will be seen that the COTTAGE HEARTH, the subscription price of which is $1.50 per year, is to be given as a free gift offering to any and all of our subscribers who are willing to earn it. All that is necessary, therefore, in order to secure a first-class magazine free of expense for an entire year is a little personal exertion on part of our readers, scarcely one of whom would find any difficulty in complying with the requirements of this notice. Go to work, then, and send in the names and the cash as soon as possible.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—There are eighteen prisoners in the county jail.

—Death to rats and vermin—Parsons' Exterminator. [11-7.-1m.]

—Cough mixtures, cough syrups, and remedies for sore throat, at the new drug store.

—The Dauntless Fire Company, of this place, are talking of buying a steamer. We said talking.

—There is snow on the ground, the storm King's around, and winter at last has this latitude found.

—All the latest and best things out in the shape of Horse Powders, Liniments, etc., at James' drug store.

—Fifty different designs of Christmas, New Year and birthday cards at the new drug store. They are nobby and cheap.

—My baby had a terribly sore scalp (scabby). PERUNA cured it. JOHN CROWELL, Pittsburg, Pa. New drug store, Ebensburg.

—Three children of Mr. Emanuel Custer of this place, are down with scarlet fever, but their cases are not considered dangerous.

—Sinners stand on slippery places these days without very much trouble, but when it comes to walking it is pretty ticklish business.

—Seventeen divorces have thus far this year been granted by the Blair county court, and there are still a few townships to hear from.

—"What every one says must be true," that "Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup" has no equal for coughs and colds. Try it. Price 25 cents.

—McDonald, Loretto, has just received another large invoice of overcoats, dolmans, cloaks, boots, shoes, etc., which he will dispose of at city prices.

—A widow lady named Kuntz died very suddenly from a stroke of paralysis in Johnstown at 9 o'clock on last Sunday night. Her age was about 64 years.

—"The doctors said my wife had consumption. Tried 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever." G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

—Letters for Wm. W. Dunmire, Joseph Dunmier, Miss Ester Davis, Miss Emma Evans, Michael Hogans and John R. Super remain uncalled for at the Ebensburg post-office.

—A handsome assortment of something entirely new in the way of holiday goods have just been received at the new drug store. Don't buy until you have examined the stock.

—Mrs. Mary Powell, of Cambria township, fell down a stairway in her own house one day last week and fractured a couple of ribs. She is about again, however, and nearly as good as new.

—A reverend gentleman named Smith preached in the Presbyterian church, this place, yesterday forenoon and evening. The Presbyterian congregation here is as yet without a resident pastor.

—A Somerset lad named Harry Foy Schrock died on Sunday evening last of lockjaw, superinduced by a wound in the hand produced by falling on a rusty nail, which passed clear through the palm.

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

—Three prisoners were taken to the Western Penitentiary from Somerset county on Saturday last one year for larceny, another two years for perjury, and the third one year for carrying concealed weapons.

—Rev. J. J. Hughes, of the C. M. church, this place, was welcomed home Wednesday last after a month's absence, during which he attended Presbytery at Cincinnati and preached at several other places in Ohio.

—Chas. Esyre Hinkle, Jersey City Heights, N. J., reports that his son, a lad of twelve years, was completely cured of a terrible case of Eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. From his head to his feet was one mass of scabs.

—Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, is well again. Completely cured of a scrofulous humor which poisoned his blood, covering his face and head with sores, by Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

—We regret to learn that Stella, the 17-months-old daughter of our much esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Sullivan, of Altoona, died of croup on last Wednesday afternoon. The child had been in delicate health for some time.

—Mr. H. A. Englehart, of this place, was accidentally struck by the end of a plank on Tuesday last, while assisting to load a car near the station, and the plank falling upon him struck him in the face and cut and bruised it very severely.

—A frame building at Scottdale, Westmoreland county, occupied for office purposes by the Charlotte Furnace Company, was destroyed by fire on Sunday last, and John Shaw, jr., of Glenshaw, Allegheny county, perished in the flames.

—Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cake, etc., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.

—A team of horses driven by a son of Mr. Kirschner, of this place, took fright on Monday evening last, while on their way to the station with a load of leather, and running away badly demoralized the wagon. The driver and horses fortunately escaped injury.

—The Tyrone *Herald* says that Senator Wallace and John Whitehead recently purchased the shaft mine near Ramey, and as soon as all arrangements are satisfactorily completed, the works will be put in operation by Mr. Whitehead, who is already running three large mines in the Clearfield region.

—"Bart" Cresswell, of Strongstown, Indiana county, whom most of the young and many of the older folks here are well acquainted with, had his epidermis accidentally perforated with a portion of a load of shot while out hunting the other day with a party

—Do you suffer from sick or nervous headache, neuralgia or sleeplessness? If so, do not delay, trusting that in time nature will restore you, but go at once to E. James Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., for Dr. Faust's German Cure. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y]

—Our always amiable and entirely competent friend, John M. Furey, formerly city editor of the Altoona *Daily Tribune*, and afterwards of the *Daily Sun*, is now doing the local writing on the Bellefonte *Democrat*, and it is needless to say that it is well done.

—Cherrytree, Indiana county, and Curwensville, Clearfield county, are now in communication by telephone, the line having been completed a few days ago. Meantime the much talked of line from here to Carrolltown seems to have died the death.

—The second and last bereavement so far in our afflicted household has called forth renewed expressions of earnest sympathy from our friends of the press and many others, for which, as on the previous occasion, we ask them to accept our sincere and heartfelt gratitude.

—Mr. Richard Tudor, an old and well-known citizen of this place, had the misfortune last Sunday morning to slip and fall on an icy boardwalk in the rear of the Cambria House, where he boards, thereby fracturing his arm close to the shoulder. He has our sympathies.

—Mrs. George Englebach, Jr., and six of her children are down with some kind of fever at their home in Upper Yoder township. All of them, however, except the eldest child, in whose case diphtheretic symptoms have developed, were at latest accounts in a fair way to recover.

—Through the instrumentality of our townsman, Mr. A. J. Rhey, two cans of the fish called carp have been planted in the northern waters of this county. One can went to Clearfield creek and the other to Beaver creek, and the growth of both deposits will be carefully watched.

—Mr. Frank Henry, who about thirty years ago resided at Summitville, this county, but who for most of the time since then has been living at Bloomfield, Blair county, where he was engaged in the iron business, died on Wednesday of last week, aged, we presume, about 56 years. Peace to his ashes.

—Miss May Henderson, daughter of Mrs. Annie Henderson, of the Cambria House, this place, slipped, fell and sprained her back very severely on Tuesday last about noon. She is a pupil in the high up grade of our public schools, and it will be a pity if she don't keep her average next Monday.

—On the principle of "time about is fair play," the Teachers' Institute will this year be held in Johnstown, provided the small-pox, which is now prevailing to a considerable extent in and about that place, does not interfere to prevent it. In that event Ebensburg will come in for two Institutes in succession.

—Mr. M. L. Keck, business manager of the Cambria House, this place, received the sorrowful intelligence on Monday evening last that his father, Mr. Isaac Keck, of Punxsutawney, Pa., was sick unto death, and that if he wished to see him alive there was no time to be lost. Mr. Keck left for the paternal home on Tuesday morning.

—Mr. John Kirschner & Son, tanners, of this place, have contracted with our clever and competent friend Frank Molloy, plumber and gas fitter, of Altoona, for the putting of steam heating pipes in their large hide-drying room, seventy-two feet in length, and the work is to be done as soon as possible. That it will be a good job when completed admits of no doubt.

—A lady named Stonebraker recently wrapped her two months-old child up in a shawl, or something of that kind, the day being cold, and started on a visit from her home near Taylorsville, Indiana county, to Dixonville. Reaching the latter place in due time, she removed the wraps from her infant and to her horror found that it had been smothered to death.

—The Greensburg *Democrat* says that H. Shaw, of Salem township, that county, has in his possession a thimble and threaded-needle, which was owned by his great grandmother, Margaret Shaw, at the time of the burning of Hannastown by the Indians in 1782; also a smoothing iron which was found standing in front of the fire-place in one of the houses burned down at the time.

—A raid was made on the cellar of Mrs. Davis, widow of Eben Davis, deceased, a few nights ago, but as the noise made by the intruder attracted the attention of the inmates of the house and led to investigation, the burglar hastily decamped without securing anything in the shape of plunder. Entrance was gained through the cellar door, which had been inadvertently left unlocked.

—Mr. Ed. H. Keyes, proprietor of the Powell House, Altoona, one of the most genial and popular gentlemen in that city, and Miss Annie, daughter of our highly esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sharp, were married at St. John's (Catholic) church, Altoona, yesterday morning. That God may bless and prosper the newly wedded pair in time as well as in eternity is our earnest and heartfelt prayer.

—Charles Africa, one of the parties arrested in Altoona this day two weeks ago for stealing an overcoat and watch in Huntingdon, has been found guilty in the Huntingdon county court and sentenced to the penitentiary, from whence he graduated only a few months ago, for a term of five years and six months. James McCabe, who was arrested at the same time and for the same offense, has been acquitted.

—Another child of the editor of this paper, Joseph, aged nearly nine years, has been suffering for a week past with something akin to diphtheria, the principal point of attack being his nose, but, thank God, his condition is such at present writing that there is good reason to hope for his early and thorough recovery—the earnest prayers of hundreds of sympathizing friends seeming at last to be bearing fruit.

—Mr. John P. Levan, who has charge fo the lower shops of the P. R. R. Co. at Altoona, celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of his birth and the thirtieth anniversary of his indenture as an apprentice to the company both at the same time on Thursday of last week. He was the first apprentice ever indentured to learn a trade under the direction of the P. R. R. Co., and has faithfully served said corporation ever since.

—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of J. Monroe Taylor. This house has been established nearly 40 years, and his goods are celebrated everywhere for purity and strength. We would recommend a trial of his Gold Medal brands to all who appreciate good and wholesome bread, cakes, etc. His Gold Medal saleratus or bi-carb. soda is sold by M. L. Oatman, John Lloyd and E. C. Parrish, Ebensburg. [10-7.-4m.]

—Our young friend George Weber, formerly of this place, is at present employed in the freight department of the B. & O. R. R., with a roaming commission which takes in all the line between Pittsburgh and Cumberland. George expects soon, however, to get something better—a "better half," we hope—and settle down as station agent at Salsbury, Somerset county. We certainly wish him all the good luck he deserves, and that is abundance for anybody.

—On Thursday of last week, Surveyor David Peelor, of Johnstown, marked out the ground in the grove west of town, formerly the property of the heirs of Stephen Lloyd, deceased, but now owned by T. H. Hiest, of the Mountain House, on which that gentleman is now making the necessary preparations to erect a first class summer resort as soon as the weather next spring will permit the work to be commenced and pushed to an early completion.

—At a meeting of the Board of Pardons, held in Harrisburg on Tuesday last, the following named convicts were recommended to executive clemency: Edward Grinder, rape, sentenced April 7, 1879, to ten years in the penitentiary; Wm. Scott, manslaughter, sentenced in Lackawanna county, Sept. 13, 1879, to ten years in the penitentiary, and Ira T. Conrad, rape, sentenced in Huntingdon county, Aug 27, 1879, to eight years in the penitentiary.

—Nathaniel, youngest son of Mr. Ezekiel Hughes, a former well known citizen of this place, but who removed to Iowa City many years ago, died in California last week. The deceased, who was about twenty-five years of age, was born in Ebensburg. He was the victim of consumption, and some time ago in company with his sister Mary, went to the Pacific coast hoping that its climate would improve and possibly restore his health. The hope, however, proved to be delusive.

—"Guaranteed to cure," is the inducement offered to you to call at James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg Pa., and buy a bottle of Dr. Faust's German Cough Syrup. It is based upon chemical laws, and is prepared with the most scrupulous care. This medicine is warranted to cure consumption, coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and all pulmonary diseases. Remember an ordinary cough leads to consumption if allowed to continue without relief. Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

—The lifeless remains of a man named Robert Flinn were found in a fence corner at Gallitzin, this county, about 8 o'clock on Friday evening last. The deceased, who was aged about 45 years and had been a sailor in the English merchant service for five years and in the United States navy for ten years, came to Gallitzin last July, and since then at least has followed the occupation of a common day laborer. Intemperance is believed to have been the direct cause of his sad and sudden death. The remains were interred at the expense of the county.

—That pitiless desolator of our own household, diphtheria, has invaded the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Barclay, of the Altoona *Sun* and robbed it of one of its most precious treasures—their bright and winsome little daughter Clara, aged about 7 years, who died on Monday last. Having been called within less than three weeks to mourn the loss of two of our own loving and well beloved little ones, we can truly say that our heart goes out in deepest sympathy to Mr. Barclay and his bereaved family, whom we implore God to save from further affliction.

—The corroner's jury in the case of Albert Cashling, the Altoona lad whose death from ill treatment was noticed in our last issue, returned a verdict on Tuesday last that the deceased came to his death from peritonitis caused by injuries received at the hands of two other boys named Samuel Bowers and Harry Geesey. Owing to the youth of the guilty parties no arrests have been made, nor is it likely that any steps will be taken to punish them, although they richly deserve it, if for nothing else than the example it would furnish to others of a quarrelsome disposition.

—On Saturday last, as we learn from the Johnstown *Tribune*, Mr. John Edwards, a young man employed as a wire drawer at the Portage-street Wire Works, made a narrow escape from having his head separated from his body, and even as it was his hurts are pretty serious. The strand was passing rapidly through the block, and when within ten or fifteen feet of the end a loop was formed, which jerked over the head of Mr. Edwards and was pulled tight around his neck. Fortunately it slipped along without strangling him, but the skin was cut open and the windpipe somewhat abrased.

—We have been requested to announce that a vocal and instrumental concert of a most enjoyable character will be given at the Court House in this place, on Wednesday evening of next week, Nov. 30th, by Prof. W. Aubrey Powell, a celebrated vocalist and pianist of Scranton, Pa., one half the proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the M. C. church in this place. Mr. Powell fills the position of organist at the cathedral in Scranton, and is said to be without a superior in his profession. All should go and hear him. Entertainment to commence at 7½ o'clock; admission, 25 cents—children 10 cts.

—County Superintendent Straver, of this place, received a telegram on Monday last announcing the death of Mrs. Catharine Straver, wife of his brother Solomon, which sad event occurred in Taylor township, near Johnstown, about 8 o'clock that morning. The deceased lady had been suffering with cramp from the Friday previous, but up until a short time before her death no apprehensions whatever were felt as to the result. Her age was about 30 years and her loss is keenly felt by her bereaved husband and family as well as by a large circle of sympathizing friends, all who knew her esteeming her very highly. Peace to her ashes.

—Sickness and death having invaded our family circle and robbed it of two of its most cherished members, we need scarcely assure those indebted to us that our expenses have been correspondingly heavy, and that now is the time for them to show their sympathy in a practical way by extending to us a helping hand. Our necessities, we trust, will be sufficient excuse for intruding this subject upon the attention of those concerned at a time so unseemly. All who have hearts to feel for the woes of others will, we are sure, heed this earnest appeal without stopping to consider the time and circumstances under which it is made. Let the response, then, be prompt and generous.

—A correspondent of the Cherrytree *Record*, writing from Montgomery township, Indiana county, says that a man named Dougherty, an employe on the log job of Howard Wilson, was seriously injured one day last week under the following circumstances: He was standing on and topping a tree which was lying across another fallen tree, the butt being considerably elevated. Whilst in that position another tree fell across the butt, causing the top to spring up and throwing Mr. D. with an ax in hand, about fifteen feet in the air. In his fall he received a cut which penetrated his lip and tongue; besides the concussion of his ascent jammed his leg from the ankle to the knee. The gentleman was taken to his home near Dixonville.

—Allen G. Heist, who is a brother of Mr. T. H. Heist, of this place, was elected Sheriff of Bucks county at the late election by about 700 majority. Three years ago he was a candidate for nomination for the same office before the Democratic county convention and was defeated by only *one* vote. He didn't, however, set himself up against the decision of the convention and wage a guerilla war against his successful competitor, but gave him his active and hearty support, and now he has his reward by being his successor with the full endorsement of the Democracy of his county. Certain aspirants for office at the Democratic primary election in *this* county last September would occupy a very different position in their party to-day, as well as in the future, if they had pursued the same honorable course during the campaign toward their successful opponent and might in the future meet with favor for a place on the county ticket; but as they have seen fit to make their own political bed, so they must lie in it.

A YOUNG CAMBRIAN KILLED AT CHICAGO.—A dispatch from Chicago was received by the Chief of Police, Altoona, on Tuesday last, containing a death message for the parents of S. P. O'Neill, and on the following morning the message was handed to our young friend Patrick Ryan, a fireman on the Mountain division, who is a brother-in-law of the S. P. O'Neill named in the dispatch, who telegraphed to Chicago and received a response informing him that Simon P. O'Neill had been killed the previous day in the railroad yard of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, on which he was employed as a fireman. His remains were expected to arrive at Cresson to-day. The deceased, who was a son of Mr. Peter O'Neill, of Munster township, was about twenty-five years of age and had been absent from home for about three. His remains will be interred in the Catholic cemetery, Loretto, to-morrow. May his soul rest in peace.

DEATH OF A GOOD OLD CITIZEN.—Mr. James Barnett, an old and much respected citizen of Clearfield township, and for many years a prompt-paying subscriber to the FREEMAN, died on last Monday evening. He was a native of Derry county, Ireland. He was about seventy years of age. He leaves a wife and several children, one of the latter being a physician, and now engaged in the practice of his profession in the village of Summerhill, Croyle township in this county. May God grant rest to the soul of our old and steadfast friend.

CATARRHAL POISON.—Catarrh poisons the mucous membrane, poisons the blood and vital fluids, poisons the lungs, liver and kidneys. From a simple cold to the rotting, sloughing and death of the senses of smell, taste and hearing, Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh is supreme. Complete treatment only $1.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement, to be found elsewhere in this issue. [3-18.-10m.]

NERVOUS HEADACHE, Periodical Headache, Neuralgic Headache, are cured by DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cts. [10-21.-ly.]

KILLED NEAR ALLEGRIPPUS.—Mr. Wm. J. King, assistant supervisor on Supervisor Ehrenfeld's division of the Pennsylvania railroad, which extends from Altoona to Gallitzin, was struck by an engine near Allegrippus about 1:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, receiving injuries from which he died in a few minutes. The details of the lamentable affair, as furnished by the Altoona *Tribune* of yesterday morning, are as follows:

Assistant Supervisor King, was engaged in running lines for a new siding which is being put down a short distance east of the signal block at Allegrippus, with the assistance of two repairmen who had been detailed for that purpose. At the time stated the three men were standing on the south track, while a freight train west was passing on the north track. A slight snow was falling at the time, which together with the noise of the passing train prevented them from noticing two engines, Nos. 63 and 131, approaching from the west on the south track. The engines had assisted a freight train up to mountain, and coupled together were returning down to the city. Michael McCann, fireman of engine No. 63, which was running ahead saw that two of the men did not seem to notice their danger, although he was ringing the bell, and he called to the engineer, R. G. McCormick, to warn them with the whistle. The engineer whistled repeatedly at a point far enough away to give them plenty of time to get off of the track. Both of Mr. King's assistants looked back and stepped from the track, shouting at the same time to him. He did not seem to hear them, but stood looking down at the track, holding in his hand the rod used in surveying. The engine struck him and he was thrown between the tracks. The engines were stopped and the unfortunate man was placed on engine No. 63 and taken to Kittanning Point. His skull was fractured in several places. While transferring him to a west bound train at Kittanning Point for the purpose of taking him to Gallitzin, Mr. King breathed his last, having been unconscious from the time he had been struck. His remains were taken to the residence of Supervisor Ehrenfeld at Gallitzin, and the coroner summoned. No blame attaches to any of the railroad employes for the distressing accident, which could not be prevented.

Mr. King was a nephew of the late Thomas A. Scott, president of the Pennsylvania railroad.—His home is at Chambersburg, Pa., where his widowed mother still resides. He came to this city in October of last year and until the middle of last month was engaged at his profession as a civil engineer in the office of Mr. Reed, principal assistant engineer. The news of his sad death cast a gloom over the railroad offices in this city. He was a quiet, unassuming young gentleman, but was held in high respect by every one who had formed his acquaintance. He was aged about 24 years.—While in this city he boarded at the Logan House, but since he had been acting as assistant supervisor he had been boarding at Fitzharris' hotel at Gallitzin. His remains will be sent to Chambersburg for interment.

BROUGHT TO BOOK.—The Altoona *Tribune* of Saturday says:

Our readers will remember that when William M. Lloyd & Co.'s bank closed it was asserted that the assets were more than sufficient to meet all liabilities, and that the depositors would all be paid in full within a designated time if they would not insist on their demand for immediate payment. This course, it was represented would render unnecessary the trouble and expense of proceedings in bankruptcy. In order that the depositors might confide in the assertion and agree to the desired extension of time, a bond with Hon. James Gardner, of Hollidaysburg named as trustee, was drawn and signed by a number of the most responsible citizens of Altoona in which they bound themselves in amounts ranging from one thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars to pay the said depositors in default of payment by William M. Lloyd & Co. Suits have been brought in the common pleas court of Blair county against the obligators, a separate action having been instituted against each signer. A meeting of the several defendants was called a few days ago to decide upon what action shall be taken. It is thought that one case will be selected for trial as a test case. The defendants seem confident that there can be no recovery on the bond. The matter has, however, caused considerable speculation, and it remains for the court to pass upon and decide a question which no doubt each of the parties litigant thinks will be determined in his favor.

SUICIDE IN ALTOONA.—A young man of 21 years, or thereabouts, entered the office of the Central Hotel, Altoona, about 10 o'clock on last Tuesday night, and asked if he could secure a room. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he handed the keeper a half a dollar, remarking that he would not eat anything, as he did not feel well. About midnight two pistol reports were heard by the occupants of the rooms adjoining the one in which he had been put to sleep, and when the door was unlocked the young man was found lying in bed in a dying condition, his brains oozing from a bullet hole in the right side of his head. He died in fifteen minutes. He registered as "J. P. St ppen, Boston." The Coroner held an inquest on Wednesday morning and a verdict was rendered in accordance with the above facts. No writing nor anything else was found upon his person by which he could be identified, and the remains of the unfortunate man, which were visited by a large number of persons during the day, were interred in the almshouse burying ground.

MR. WILLIAM R. SEYMOUR, of Columbus, O., writes: "I attended a course of lectures several winters ago at the Ohio Medical College of Cincinnati, Ohio. There I was taught that 'Iron is a prominent element in the physical organism of mankind; without it life is an impossibility. A vast percentage of the diseases and premature deaths to which the race is subject, is caused, or at least made possible by a weakening of the body in consequence of a lack of Iron in the blood.' Having suffered from ill-health, poor digestion and urinary troubles ever since I recovered from typhoid fever, I determined to give Iron a trial. From investigation I learned that Brown's Iron Bitters were the best, and that they did not blacken the teeth, so I concluded to make use of them. They have acted like a charm. I have never before felt so robust, hearty and strong."

SPECIAL attention is directed to the prospectus of the Pittsburg *Weekly Post* for 1882, to be found in another column of our paper. An able and thoroughly reliable Democratic paper, such as the *Post* is admitted to be, deserves to be most liberally sustained by every Democrat who has the success of his political faith at heart, and we are gratified to know that it has hitherto met with that generous appreciation to which its merits so fully entitle it, and which is a guarantee of its greater success in the future. The weekly *Post* is mailed to subscribers at the low price of $1.50 per year, and to farmers, who are specially interested in market reports, we take pleasure in recommending the *Post* as worthy of their patronage.

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE FOR WEAKLY PERSONS.—This excellent product of the grape is prescribed and used by the leading physicians in the country, when a generous and nourishing wine is desirable; especially for females, aged persons and consumptives; and by churches for communion. Hundreds of New York physicians have visited Speer's Vineyards and Wine Cellars, but twelve miles distant from New York, and are surprised to see the foreign Port Wine Grapes so successfully grown in this country. The Unfermented Juice for churches is from the Oporto Grape preserved in its natural state just as it runs from the press. For sale by E. James, at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

—We note with sincere regret the death of Mrs. Catharine Cooney, wife of our old-time friend J. T. Cooney, Esq., of E. Conemaugh, who died Thursday evening, Nov. 17, after a long and painful illness, aged about 48 years. The deceased lady was the youngest daughter of the late Michael Bracken, who resided near the Viaduct, in Croyle township, and a sister of Mr. Mich'l Bracken, one of the most enterprising and respected citizens of Gallitzin. She was all that the name of wife, mother, friend and neighbor in its true sense implies, and her death is indeed a sad blow to the bereaved husband and his motherless children. May her soul rest in peace.

Men of Eminent Ability.

Scholars and chemists, have devoted years of time and skillful labor that they might, in a measure, relieve human suffering. Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine is the result of the most patient and careful experiments. It is prepared with the most scrupulous care from pure Grape Juice and the choicest Fruits, Roots and Herbs, and stands pre-eminently without an equal for the use of ladies suffering with private disorders, aged or feeble and debilitated persons, and those recovering from the effects of exhausting disease, or mental or physical overwork. Guaranteed to promote digestion and invigorate and give new and permanent vital force. In no way can it be used as an intoxicant. Ask Druggists. For sale at E. James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

A LITTLE thieving is a dangerous part
But stealing largely is a noble art,
'Tis mean to rob a henroost of a hen,
But stealing thousands makes us gentlemen.

There is some mistake about that assertion.—Stealing does not make the gentleman, but, to the contrary, the ownership of good clothes does. Suppose we skip that question for the present, and go on another tack. This way: That whenever you go to buy good clothes—not only good, but cheap—you will go off the belt if you fail to patronize Simon & Rendheim, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona. Make a note of this.

SWEET are the days of pumpkin pie,
When sausages begin to bloom;
When buckwheat cakes are drawing nigh,
And hickory nuts are on the boom.

Pumpkin pie! The day is past and gone! But, in the language of Tom Moore, its memory lingers with us and is sweet. Did you eat turkey? No! Then your next best thing is to go to Godfrey Wolf's, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, and buy for yourself a suit of clothing which for neatness, completeness and cheapness cannot be surpassed.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.—We will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to young men and older persons who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, etc., guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Also for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney difficulties, Ruptures, and many other diseases. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Address Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. [10-21.-ly.]

DEATH TO WORMS.

E. F. KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP never fails to destroy pin, seat, round, thread and stomach worms. This Worm Syrup is a pleasant, safe and effectual remedy for all kinds of worms. As most of the worm medicines offered to the public are preparations so nauseating and disagreeable to the taste that it is almost impossible to get a child to take them, it is the most desirable remedy that can be given for worms. It has neither the taste nor smell of medicine, and can be given to the most delicate infant with perfect safety. The general symptoms of worms are a sallow complexion, with a bluish circle around the eyes, enlargement of the abdomen and stomach, foul breath, gnawing pains in the stomach and bowels, irregular appetite, startings or grinding of the teeth while asleep, etc. It is a lamentable fact that hundreds of children are hurried to the grave on account of the above symptoms often being taken for some other disease, whereas many might have been saved simply by the use of E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup. It is undoubtedly the most valuable worm syrup that can be had for all kinds of stomach, seat, pin and thread worms. Can be used by old and young, adults being as likely to have worms as children. (Dr. Kunkel is the only successful physician in this country who removes Tape Worm in two hours, complete, head and all, and no fee until removed.) Price of the Worm Syrup, $1, or 6 bottles for $5. (For Tape Worm, write and consult the doctor.) For all others buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail free; send three cent stamp.

DYSPEPSIA. DYSPEPSIA.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, a sure cure for this disease. It has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, wind and rising of food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold in bulk, only in $1 bottles, or six bottles for $5. Ask for E. F. Kunkle's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. If your druggist has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free; send three cent stamp. Aschenbach & Miller, Sole Agents, 3d and Callowhill Sts., Philad'a.

A REAL NECESSITY.—We presume there is hardly a lady to be found in our broad land who, if she does not already possess a sewing machine, expects some day to become the owner of one.

The household of a young wife is now considered incomplete without a sewing machine.

Next to her lover the thought uppermost in the mind of the maiden just blooming into womanhood is a sewing machine.

When asked by her parents or affianced what her Christmas or birthday present shall be, the answer in a majority of cases is, "A sewing machine."

But after the mind has been fully made up to purchase one of these indispensable articles, the question arises as to what kind of a machine to buy.

It should be so simply constructed that the most inexperienced can successfully operate it.

The other points mainly to be considered, and which are the most desirable, are durability, rapidity, capacity for work, ease of operation, regularity of motion, uniformity of tension, and silence while in operation.

Of all the various machines now upon the market, the "Light Running New Home" fills the above requirements most satisfactorily.

It is said to combine the good points of all other sewing machines, and, in addition, has many new improvements and labor-saving devices.

The price is now higher than that of other machines, and every lady who is the happy possessor of one may rest assured she has indeed a treasure.

All who send for the company's new illustrated catalogue and enclose their advertisement (printed on another page), will receive a set of fancy advertising novelties, of value to those collecting cards, &c. Their address is, JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., 30 Union Square, New York.

LITTLE WILLIE'S GONE.

O, we're lonesome—very lonesome;
Little Willie's gone away!
O, we miss his prattle winsome,
And his curly head to-day!

One bright presence gone forever
From the shores of busy time;
Little arms shall clasp us never—
Little feet our knee ne'er climb.

Willie's voice no more shall greet us—
Gleeful smile and loving glance;
Darling boy no more will meet us
Till God's voice shall wake his trance.

Then we'll see him, dear as ever,
Brighter, fairer, in the light
Of God's face, which darkens never,—
Where God's smile makes all things bright.

Then we'll meet him! O, we'll meet him!
Never, never shall we part!
Then we'll greet him—aye, we'll greet him,
Eye to eye and heart to heart! A. D. H.

CHEST SPRINGS, Nov. 21, 1881.

TWINKLE, twinkle, diminutive type of nebula: condensation;
How I meditate upon your composition.
Situated above this oblate spheroid at such an altitude,
In similitude an infinitesimal crystallization of carbon in the blue empyrean.

The Oil City *Derrick* is credited with the composition of this screed. John H. Evans lives in Oil City, and so does Dan Boulton. We give it to those gentlemen, on honor, whether they, or either of them, knew a better or cheaper place to buy clothing at than Jas. J. Murphy's, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown?

It is a sin to steal a pin
A shame to quarrel and fight;
But there is nothing meaner
Than the scissors gleaner,
Who steals what others write.

They never steal this item without giving due credit—the item which will follow. Man may come, and man may go, but the item goes on forever. When you want to buy a pair of good, serviceable boots or shoes, for either ladies or gentlemen, either call on or write to S. Blumenthall, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. If he can't give you satisfaction, then our recommendation is of no avail.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning, the signal, perhaps, of the near approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption? Ask yourself if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. This will explain why *more than a million bottles* were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side, or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

Ladies, for those distressing complaints to which you are subject, use Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. [4-7,'81.-1y.]

HYMENEAL.

EMIGH—WATERS.—Married, at the residence of the bride's mother, in the East Ward, on Thursday evening, Nov. 17, 1881, by Rev. A. S. Morrison, Mr. WILLIAM EMIGH, of Summerhill township, and Miss LIZZIE WATERS, of this place.

HALLERAN—COAD.—Married, at St. John's church, Johnstown, on Tuesday morning, Nov. 22, 1881, by Rev. Father Gallagher, Mr. MICH'L HALLERAN, of Cambria boro', and Miss MARY COAD, of Johnstown.

HENEGHAN—KEELAN.—Married, at same time and place, by the same, Mr. JOHN HENEGHAN and Miss MARY KEELAN, both of Cambria borough.

MARSHALL—RYAN.—Married, at the same place, by the same, on Thursday, Nov. 24, 1881, Mr. WM. MARSHALL and Miss ELLEN RYAN, both of Millville.

B. & B.

NOVEMBER 12th, 1881.

BARGAINS IN

Underwear for Men, Women and Children.

LADIES' MERINO UNDERWEAR

At 50, 60, 75c., $1.00 and up.

Ladies' Scarlet Underwear at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and up.

Children's Merino Underwear from 25c. apiece up.

Children's Scotch Mixed Pants and Vests.

Children's Scarlet Pants and Vests in all sizes, from 16 to 35c.

Men's Merino Shirts and Drawers at 25, 40, 50, 60, 75c., $1.00 and up to the finest qualities.

Men's genuine Scotch Wool Shirts and Drawers all sizes.

Boys' underwear in White, Gray and Scarlet.

Purchasers will find the above lines full and complete and at prices lower than elsewhere.

LARGE LINES OF

HOSIERY,

For Ladies, Misses and Children.

Ladies' fine Cashmere Hose at 35, 40, 45 and 50c.

Ladies' fine Cashmere Hose, 75c., $1.00, $1.25 and up, in choice new shades.

Ladies' heavy Cotton Hose, plain dark colors and fancy stripes.

Great variety Misses' Hose, in Cashmere, Merino, Wool and Cotton.

Children's ¾ Wool and Cashmere Hose, in handsome stripes and fancy plaids.

Men's Half Hose, Merino, Cashmere, Cotton and Wool.

Special bargain in 50 dozen Men's Real Scotch Wool Socks, extra heavy, opened to-day.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

50 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, in a great variety of handsome new designs, at 20c. each, pure silk.

50 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, pure silk, at 40c. each.

100 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs, at 50, 60, 75c. and $1.00, in every imaginable style, and quality.

Silk and Cashmere Mufflers.

Linen Handkerchiefs for ladies and gentlemen, plain and fancy borders, at 12½c. each, and up.

Attraction in the Cloak room constantly increasing. Choice Walking Jackets, Cuffs and Pockets of Plush, at $5.00. Walking Jackets at $6.50, $7.50, $9.00, $10.00, $12.50 and $15.00 in light cloth, and one Black Diagonal Dolman from $5.00 up to $50.00; an endless variety to select from.

Dolmans of Satin Merveilleux, etc., at $23.00, worth $30.00.

Dolmans, new shapes, Satin Rhadames at $31.00, worth $35.00.

Dolmans, trimmed in Fur and Plush, $40.00, $45.00, $50.00 and $60.00.

Silk circulars at $25.00, $30.00, 33.00, 35.00 up to $55.00.

Seal Skin Sacques to suit all in prices, size and quality, commencing at $125.00, and up to the best grades.

A very good variety Children's Coats, Ulsters and Ulsterettes, commencing at $2.00 and up to $20.

New Dress Goods, New Silks, New Plushes and Velvets, New Fringes; Passementeries, Buttons, etc., New Neckwear, Kid Gloves—button and hook, Chamois Gloves—very long, $1.00 a pair. Full lines of Men's and Boys Gloves, Driving Gloves, Fur Top Gloves, Cloth Gloves, Wool Knit Gloves.

BOGGS & BUHL,

118 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY.

STRAY BULL.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Dean township, on or about the 20th of October last, a red and white bull, with white face, and one year old last spring. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of as the law directs.

PHILIP FOGLE.

Dean Twp., Nov. 19, 1881.-3t.

NO DULL TIMES HERE!

BUSINESS ALWAYS BOOMING AT BARKERS'.

TOO MANY GOODS and NOT ENOUGH MONEY

Is what's the matter with us now! That is to say, we have bought such a large assortment of goods this fall that we cannot find room on our shelves and counters to place them; so we shall be glad to exchange them with the public for the public's money, as we can find plenty of places to put all the cash any of our old or new customers have to spare. In

BOOTS AND SHOES

We have the largest and most varied assortment we have ever carried. We have taken special pains this fall in selecting our stock of LADIES' FINE SHOES, and we take pride in saying that we have much the finest assortment in Ebensburg, while in BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS everybody knows we keep twice as many as any other merchant in town; so it is useless for us to say anything further about BOOTS or SHOES, except that we have all kinds and qualitie, as well as

Overshoes in Gum and Cloth,

either buckled or plain, for both sexes and of all qualities and sizes.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING

is much larger than we have ever before kept. We have found it difficult heretofore on account of our meagre assortment to fit children from 4 to 10 years of age, but now we have all the sizes requisite for children of any age, while for men we have suits at any price desired, and will guarantee to sell you a complete outfit as cheap as the same kind of a suit can be bought at any other establishment in the State. Our special bargain, however, and it is a great bargain indeed, is a

SUIT WE ARE SELLING FOR TEN DOLLARS.

We claim that it is the cheapest suit of clothes in the country, and the very best for the money. We also have the

LARGEST STOCK OF OVERCOATS

ever displayed in Ebensburg. If you want to see the

Cheapest HATS and Winter CAPS

you ever did see, call at our store and we will show them to you. We challenge anybody to show you as good Hats at 75c. and $1.00 as we are offering at those prices. We have also a

SPLENDID LINE OF WATERPROOFS

IN DIFFERENT COLORS:

AN ELEGANT LINE OF FLANNELS IN ALL COLORS,

SUITABLE FOR DRESSES OR SHIRTS;

A VERY NICE LINE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR;

A Fashionable Line of Dress Goods for the Ladies;

THE LARGEST AND BEST LINE OF UNDERWEAR FOR LADIES AND GENTS;

A MAGNIFICENT LINE OF QUEENSWARE.

But we haven't room enough to enumerate half the goods we have for sale; so we will simply say that we keep Axes, Baskets, Clocks, Drugs, Elephant Overalls, Fish, Gossamers, Hardware, Ink, St. Jacob's Oil, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Lamps, Merino Hose, Napkins, Oil Cloth, Paints, Quilts, Rope, Shirts, Tinware, Umbrellas, Varnishes, Whips, XX Flour, Yarn, Zero Overshoes, and everything else that people need in housekeeping, farming, and all other pursuits of life.

We take all kind of GRAIN and PRODUCE in exchange for Goods,

And sell the Goods at just the same prices as we do for cash.

Thanking all our friends for past favors, we again cordially invite them to call at our store and examine our goods and prices, believing that we can sell them goods as cheap as any one else can do, and knowing that they will find with us the largest assortment of goods to select from.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.,

NOVEMBER 11, 1881. Ebensburg, Pa.

Write for samples or visit

John Wanamaker,

Grand Depot,

Philadelphia.

Dry Goods. Carpets. House Furnishing. Millinery.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.—A LOT OF GROUND in the West Ward of Ebensburg Borough, known as the "Gibson Property," now owned by James Kane, bounded on the south by High street, on the east by lot of Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., on the north by Sample street, and on the west by Mary Ann street, having a large two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE thereon erected, will be sold at private sale on reasonable terms. Inquire of M. D. KITTELL,

Nov. 18, 1881.-tf. Ebensburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS MCCONNELL, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Thos. McConnell, late of Summerhill township, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement. AUGUSTINE MCCONNELL,

Nov. 11, 1881.-6t.* Administrator.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the lumber business in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., under the firm name of Wagnor, Saupp & Co., has been dissolved by mutual consent, W. W. Saupp and Thadeus Conrad retiring. The business of the late firm will be continued by John Wagnor.

JOHN WAGNOR,
W. W. SAUPP,
Oct. 8, 1881.-14-6t. THADEUS CONRAD.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the residence of the undersigned, in Dean township, on or about the 1st of last October, a red steer with a white face, supposed to be a year old last spring. The owner is notified to prove property, pay charges and take him away; failing in which, the steer will in due time be disposed of according to law.

JANE MCGUIRE.

Dean Twp., Nov. 18, 1881.-3t.

NOTICE.—The first and final account of H. J. Hads, Assignee of A. R. Litzinger, has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and will be confirmed absolutely unless exceptions be filed on or before the *first Monday of December next.*

By the Court. JOHN C. GATES, Proth'y.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 8, 1881.-4t.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year, in advance.

OFFICE OF CRESSON SPRINGS COMPANY,
No. 233 South Fourth St., Room No. 45, 2d Floor,
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7, 1881.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—A meeting of the stockholders of the CRESSON SPRINGS COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, on the *6th day of January, 1882*, at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of voting on an increase of the capital stock of this Company, by the issuance of preferred stock, as authorized by an act of the General Assembly, entitled "An Act to authorize the Cresson Springs Company to issue preferred stock," approved March 10th, 1873, and for transacting such other business as may be brought before the meeting.

JAMES R. MCCLURE, Secretary.

Nov. 11, 1881.-8t.

St. Elmo Hotel.

Nos. 317 and 319 Arch Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Rates Reduced to $2.00 per Day.

The travelling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and amusement, and the different Rail Road depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by street cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1880.-tf.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!

For Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableaux, Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jarley's Wax Works, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, Costumes, Charades, and Paper Scenery. New Catalogue sent free, containing full description and prices. SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 E. 14th St., New York.

TO FARMERS AND SHIPPERS!

BUTTER, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, Wild Game, Venison, Bear, Grain, Apples, Potatoes, Onions, Dried Fruits, &c. Send for price list and tags. J. E. PHILLIPS & CO.,

General Produce Commission Merchants,

Nov. 8, 1881.-1m. 96 Greenwich St., N. Y.

CHEAP! CHEAPEST!!

GEO. HUNTLEY

HAS NOW ON HAND THE

LARGEST, BEST and MOST VARIED

STOCK OF

Hardware!

Stoves, Tinware.

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS

&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,

of various styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware

of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!

of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Nail Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,

Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of **Harvesting Tools.** Also, a large assortment of

Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,

Carriage Oil Cloth.

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be

SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!

Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING STOVES,

SHEET METALS,

AND

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency.

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-1y.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, Pa.—In the matter of the assigned estate of Isaac Crawford for the benefit of creditors, Abel Lloyd, Assignee.

And now, to wit: the first day of November, 1881, T. W. Dick appointed Auditor to hear and decide on exceptions and make distribution of the fund among those entitled to receive the same.

From the Record. JOHN C. GATES, Proth'y.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg on *Tuesday, the 29th day of November, 1881*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested are requested to present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Nov. 4, 1881.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ADAMS, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of Mary Adams, late of Clearfield township, dec'd, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to

MARTIN L. CARL, Administrator.

Clearfield Twp., Oct. 28, 1881.-6t.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

SECHLER & KITTELL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.

OFFICES in Luther & Geen's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1,'81.]

AGENTS WANTED FOR Mark Twain's **NEW BOOK** "**THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.**" The best and funniest of all. Elegantly bound, with 200 fine illustrations. Just the thing for the holidays. Address F. C. BLISS & CO., Newark, N. J.

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 96 Acres of land lying between Loretto and Chest Springs which he will sell very cheap and on easy terms. There are about forty acres cleared, the balance being well covered with saw timber, principally hemlock. For further information call on or address F. A. STORM,

July 15, 1881.-tf. Loretto, Pa.

$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address F. Swain & Co., Augusta, Me.

A RAIN OF SPIDER WEBS.

In the latter part of October the good people of Milwaukee, Wis., and neighboring towns were astonished by a general fall of spider webs. The webs seemed to come from "over the lake," and appeared to fall from a great height. The strands were from two feet to several rods in length. At Green Bay the fall was the same, coming from the direction of the bay, only the webs varied from sixty feet in length to mere specks, and were seen as far up in the air as the power of the eye could reach. At Vesburg and Fort Howard, Sheboygan and Ozaukee, the fall was similarly observed, in some places being so thick as to annoy the eye. In all instances the webs were strong in texture and very white.

Curiously there is no mention, in any of the reports we have seen, of the presence of spiders in this general shower of webs. It is to be hoped that some competent observer—that is, some one who has made a study of spiders and their habits—was at hand and will report more specifically the conditions of this interesting phenomenon.

Quite a number of notable gossamer showers have been reported in different parts of the world. White describes several in his history of Selborne. In one of them the fall continued nearly a whole day, the webs coming from such a height that from the top of the highest hill near by they were seen descending from a region still above the range of distinct vision.

Darwin describes a similar shower observed by him from the deck of the Beagle, off the mouth of La Plata River, when the vessel was sixty miles from land. He was probably the first to notice that each web of the gossamer carried a Lilliputian aeronaut. He watched the spiders on their arrival and saw many of them put forth a new web and float away.

The behavior of the spiders when setting out on their aerial voyage has been minutely described by a recent English observer. The shower observed by him occurred in September, 1875, after a thunderstorm without rain. He says:

"About ten A. M. I noticed small spiders running over my coat-sleeves, and had to brush off several trails of gossamer webs. Looking around, I found that brick walls, houses, branches of trees, etc., had these webs dangling from them, and that other gossamer webs were continually falling from above and adding to the accumulation. By midday a long fence was festooned from point to point of its triangular rail-tops with a ribbon-like ladder of gossamer; and this was growing broader and broader as the tiny creatures kept running along this ladder, each increasing the breadth by adding its own contribution of another silken thread.

"On examining next an iron palisading near, I found it in a similar condition, with the tops of the iron spikes connected by a vibrating silken ladder of gossamer, in some places nearly an inch broad. All along this ladder the little strangers were running in an excited and hurried manner, as if they had lost their way and had got into a strange country. Some, in traveling over their improvised road, made mistakes and got into bordering webs of the garden spider, where they were speedily devoured. About 1 P. M. the clouds cleared off, the sun shone out and I noticed that some of the spiders had begun to reascend into the atmosphere. They might have commenced this reascension earlier; but on observing that some were reascending all my attention was devoted to single spiders, and this is what I saw: Fixing my eyes upon one of them, I observed that as it left the gossamer pathway it selected a clean spot on the iron railing, and gathering its limbs closely together it projected from its spinnerets several threads, which expanded outward and stretched upward from nine to twelve inches. Then this parachute seemed to show a buoyant tendency, and suddenly the tiny creature left hold of the iron rail, or was lifted off it, and quickly 'vanished into thin air.' One after another I closely watched, with the same general result; though once or twice when the spider left the rail it floated for a few seconds in an almost horizontal direction, prior to exchanging it for an approximately vertical one. They, however, disappeared from sight so quickly that the angle of ascent could only be guessed at. This, however, may be set down, as the rule, at from ninety to one hundred degrees."

The object of these spider migrations, if they are migrations, and the reasons for the fall of the webs at a time when the spiders are able to ascend at will, are mysteries which are as hard to explain to-day as they were in Chaucer's time, or in that mythical period from which comes the ancient nursery rhyme:

"'Old woman, old woman, old woman,' quoth I,
'O whither, O whither, O, whither so high?'
'To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky.'"

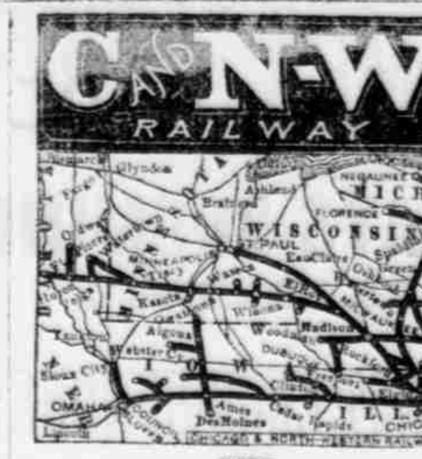
From the strength of the webs reported in the recent Western showers there would appear to be a doubt as to the spider which produced them. They seem to have been too strong for gossamers. Perhaps the shower may have been due to an unusual excursion of the more familiar geometric spider, this species having the same power of shooting out webs which float on the air and sometimes serve as an air-raft for the producer. The natural history of spiders is comparatively an unexplored field for observation; and it is possible that many species emulate the wandering gossamer spider, and betake themselves to the air when occasion serves.—*Scientific American.*

HISTORY OF THE TOMATO.—A good many years ago a scamp who had recently arrived from the Bermuda Islands was sent to the York county (Pa.) jail for some offence committed against the laws of the commonwealth. He had with him a few seeds which he planted in the rich soil of the jail yard. Before the plants which sprang from the seed reached maturity he was discharged, and no one knew the name or nature of them. They grew luxuriantly, bearing fruit of a large size and unusual appearance. As this strange fruit ripened, its color changed from green to a brilliant red, and became an object of wonder and admiration to all the inmates of the jail. Mrs. Klinefelter, the lady keeper, cautioned all the prisoners against eating any of the fruit, as she was sure it was poisonous, and besides that, she had promised the man who had planted the seed that she would endeavor to preserve specimens of it for him should he return in time.

Just when the fruit was fully matured the Bermuda prisoner revisited the jail and asked to see the plants. This request granted, he called for pepper, salt and vinegar, and to the horror of the good lady, commenced to eat of the supposed poisonous fruit with a relish that astonished the beholders. After enjoying the strange repast, he informed Mrs. K. that the fruit or vegetable was the tomato or love apple, and it would be found wholesome and nutritious. The seeds of the remaining tomatoes were carefully preserved and distributed among the friends and neighbors of the lady, and thus this now popular esculent was introduced into the ancient and goodly borough of York. For many years thereafter it was cultivated as an ornament rather than for table use, but by degrees its merits began to be more fully understood and appreciated, and there, as elsewhere, it grew into general public favor.

THE following is given as a cure for rheumatism: One tablespoonful salt, one-half a beef's gall, one ounce of ammonia, four ounces of alcohol. Mix and apply to the part affected. This is said to be a sure cure.

C. N-W RAILWAY



THE
Chicago & North-Western RAILWAY
Is the OLDEST! BEST CONSTRUCTED! BEST EQUIPPED! and hence the
LEADING RAILWAY
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It is the short and best route between Chicago and all points in
Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and for
COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
DENVER, LEADVILLE,
SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO,
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Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Columbus, and all points in the Territories and in the West. Also, for Milwaukee, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Watertown, Houghton, Neenah, Menasha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Volga, Fargo, Bismarck, Winona, LaCrosse, Owatonna, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northwest.
At Council Bluffs the Trains of the Chicago & North-Western and the U. P. R'ys depart from, arrive at and use the same joint Union Depot.
At Chicago, close connections are made with the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Ft. Wayne and Pennsylvania, Chicago & Grand Trunk R'ys, and the Kankakee and Pan Handle Routes.
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It is the ONLY LINE running
PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS
—BETWEEN—
CHICAGO and COUNCIL BLUFFS.
Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.
Insist upon Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this road. Examine your Tickets, and refuse to buy if they do not read over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.
If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations you will buy your Tickets by this route, and will ☞ TAKE NONE OTHER.
☞ All Ticket Agents sell Tickets by this Line.
MARVIN HUGHITT,
2d V. P. and General Manager, Chicago.
[4-15.] WESTWARD. [1y.]

TAKE THE



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BURLINGTON ROUTE.
☞ No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.
The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.
The unequaled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: The celebrated Pullman (16-wheel) Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line, C., B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C., B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Revolving Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.
Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.
Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.
Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.
All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given by applying to
J. Q. A. BEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
306 Washington St., Boston, Mass. and 317 Broadway, New York.
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FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $136,000.
Only Six Assessments in 24 Years.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-1y.

RIVINIUS' BLOCK,
EBENSBURG, PA.,



CARL RIVINIUS
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

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NEAR LATROBE, PA.
NEARLY half a century old, from which some of the most prominent and cultivated ladies in Pennsylvania and elsewhere have graduated, offers most thorough educational aids and highest standard of refining influences.
☞ Pupils admitted at any time. Yearly expense about $208.
Address:
SISTERS OF MERCY,
BEATTY'S P. O.,
Dec. 10, 1880.-tf. Westmoreland Co., Pa.

$500 REWARD!
WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large Boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeiters and imitators. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. [8-5,'81.-1y.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

$2 Watches. Stem winders $3.50. Waltham and Hunting Cases ... Valuable catalogue free. Address ... New York.

THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL SEWING MACHINES IS THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME



HAS NO EQUAL
IS ALWAYS IN ORDER AND WILL LAST A LIFETIME
SURPASSES ALL OTHERS
Johnson, Clark & Co.
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AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

B. J. LYNCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
ALTOONA, PA.
☞ Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give me a call before buying elsewhere, as I am confident that I can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. B. J. LYNCH.
Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

J. MONROE TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED 1844.
Gold Medal Soda, Gold Medal Saleratus. GOLD MEDAL 15 THE BEST. Gold Medal Baking Powder, Gold Medal Cream Tartar, Gold Medal Washing Crystal.
113 WATER ST., NEW YORK.
The whitest, nicest and best goods made. Guaranteed pure, superior in quality and style of package to any brand in the world. Takes less quantity to do the same work. Ask your grocer for it, and have no other.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 15, 1879.-tf.

OUR BELOVED
GARFIELD
AND HIS FAITHFUL CABINET.
AN elegant Chromo Lithograph of our late President, making 8 full-length portraits, printed in 10 colors on heavy paper with a rich gold border. Size, 18x28 inches. The sale of this beautiful work of art at $1 per copy has been simply unprecedented. In order that every family may be able to possess this beautiful and touching souvenir of our late President and his Cabinet, we will mail it for only 50 cents per copy. We can furnish this same subject, printed in 8 colors, reduced to 9x12 inches, for only 15 cents. Postage stamps taken.
AGENTS WANTED
Now is the time for agents to reap a rich harvest with these beautiful portraits. Nothing sells like them. Send for samples and terms
CONANT & CO., Publishers,
Oct. 7, 1881.-2m. 7 Dey St., New York.

GARFIELD Agents wanted for Life of President Garfield. A complete, faithful history from cradle to grave, by the eminent biographer, Col. Conwell. Introduction by His Excellency, John D. Long, Governor of Massachusetts. Books all ready for delivery. An elegantly illustrated volume. Endorsed edition. Liberal terms. Agents take orders for from 20 to 30 copies daily. Outsells any other book ten to one. Agents never made money so fast. The book sells itself. Experience not necessary. Failure unknown. All make immense profits. Private terms free. Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIFE, PUBLIC SERVICES and ASSASSINATION of our MARTYRED PRESIDENT,
GARFIELD!
By Rev. Dr. Draper, of New York. This with our Manual of American Progress. Six Books in one. An A No. 1 Work for Home, Library or Counting House. E. B. TREAT, 757 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. [10-7.-2m.]

PENSIONS.



ARE PAID every soldier disabled by accident or otherwise. A WOUND of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, RUPTURE, if but slight; disease of Lungs or Varicose Veins give a pension. Under new law thousands are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows, orphans, and dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers get a pension. Send 2 stamps for copy Pension and Bounty Acts. Address,
P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind. Refer to Ind. Banking Co. and Post's Central Bank, both of Indianapolis.

HOW TACKS ARE MADE.

Described in a few words, the process of making tacks is as follows: The iron, as received from the rolling mills, is in sheets from three inches to twelve inches wide and from three feet to nine feet in length, the thickness varying, according to the kind of work into which it is to be made, from one-eighth to one thirty-second of an inch. These sheets are all cut into about three feet pieces, and by immersion in acid cleaned of the hard flinty scale. They are then chopped into strips of a width corresponding to the length of the nail or tack required.

Supposing the tack to be cut is an eight-ounce carpet-tack, the strip of iron, as chopped and ready for the machine, would be about eleven-sixteenths of an inch thick and three feet long. The piece is placed firmly in the feeding apparatus, and by this arrangement carried between the knives of the machine.

At each revolution of the balance-wheel the knives cut off a small piece from the end of this plate. The piece cut off is pointed at one end, and square for forming the head at the other. It is then carried between two dies by the action of the knives, and these dies coming together form the body of the coming tack under the head. Enough of the iron projects beyond the face of the dies to form the head, and, while held firmly by them, a leaver strikes this projecting piece into a round head. This, as we have said before, is all done during one revolution of the balance-wheel, and the knives, as soon as the tack drops from the machine, are ready to cut off another piece. These machines are run at the rate of about 250 revolutions per minute. The shoe-nail machines for cutting headless shoe-nails, are run about 500 revolutions per minute, and cut from three to five nails at each revolution. When we think of the number of machines being run in the United States, namely, about 1,700, and the quantity of tacks and nails they can produce, it is as much of a mystery where they go as it is what becomes of the pins.

The tack-maker of fifty or sixty years ago worked as follows: He took a small rod of iron and after heating it in a charcoal fire, hammered it down so as to make a point, then a piece was cut off, placed in a vice worked by foot power, and the head formed by a few blows of the hammer.

ONE of the simplest and best remedies to be given to children if they are troubled with worms is poplar bark. A well-known physician has used this for years with marked success. It can be bought at any drug store. Take a little pinch of the bark, about as much as one would naturally take up on the point of a penknife, and give it before breakfast. It has a clean, bitter taste, and there is no difficulty in getting a child to take it.

A CONTINUOUSLY-RUNNING CLOCK.

Perpetual motion is generally assumed to be as visionary as the Philosopher's Stone. Newton propounded the perfectly sensible theory that if we could get rid of friction, we had only to set a body in motion in order to insure its never again coming to a halt. The best illustration of the principle, under the conditions we have to reckon with, is the continuous existence of the planets, our own included; but even the planets float in a more or less resisting medium—the luminiferous matter which fills all space. But what Newton aimed at, and others dream of, is the creation of some engine which shall possess exhaustless energy without being called upon for any corresponding expenditure. Profound students of the laws of mechanics—among whom Newton, perhaps, holds the highest place, have vexed themselves with this problem without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. All sorts of expedients have been devised and tried and found wanting in something. Bishop Wilkins, of England, invented a water-wheel, for example, the main feature of which was its power of constantly replenishing its motive-power by pumping; but, when he came to reconsider its principles, he, like all the others, found they were false.

However, an ingenious mechanician of Switzerland has come to the rescue with a clock which he claims has the faculty of running continually. The inventor is a M. Parchet, of Mieux, canton of Valais. He manufactured and set going two clocks on the principle he has discovered—the first on the 27th of March, 1878, and the second on the 16th of January, 1879. Both were delivered over to the authorities when completed, so that they might be carefully enclosed, sealed and kept from all interference. To obtain access to them, one must first break the public seal, which is itself a guarantee of *bona fides.* The enclosures are boxes of wood with glass fronts, permitting a view from the outside. They have not stopped up to the present time, and M. Parchet—who, by the way, is eighty years of age—insists that they are not likely to stop, as they can perform their own winding for an indefinite period. The story is quite credible on the face of it; but when every allowance is made, M. Parchet is just as far from perpetual motion as was Sir Isaac Newton and the rest of them.

MORE butter is spoiled "at the pail" than during any other process through which the milk and butter passes. The udder is not properly cleaned, or the hands of the milker are foul, and in these and many other ways the milk receives that which ever after remains to contaminate.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM and Catarrh. Took PERUNA. Am well.—MRS. F. GLINGHOUSEN, Brownsville, Pa.



READ PROOF OF WONDERFUL CURES.
FREMONT, OHIO, Jan. 25, 1881.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $4,000 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent veterinary surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done forever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect—the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick, of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession. Yours, truly,
JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's SPAVIN Cure
WILTON, MINN., Jan. 11, 1881.
B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses, which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy, I got two bottles of Preston & Ludduth, Druggists of Waseca, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very bad. I used your remedy as given in your book without roweling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise, not only to myself, but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another like it I would not take twenty five dollars for it. Yours, truly, GEO. MATHEWS.

From a PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.
WASHINGTONVILLE, OHIO, June 17, 1880.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Reading your advertisement in Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse who had been lame from spavin for eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed all lameness and enlargement, and also a large splint from another horse, and both horses are to-day as sound as colts. The one bottle was worth to me one hundred dollars. Respectfully yours,
H. A. BERTOLETT, H. D.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.
HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 18th, 1881.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I have a very fine mare that had a bone spavin for a long time. I tried everything man could devise to cure it, but all in vain, and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in this city came to me and recommended "Kendall's Spavin Cure," which I tried with grand results, removing the bone clear and clean. I then sent 25 cents to you for one of your illustrated Horse Books, and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it, and have since sold 18 copies for you to my neighbors, and will try and do what good I can by getting them for others. Yours truly, O. W. MILLER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure on Human Flesh.
WEST ENOSBURGH, VT., Feb. 15, 1881.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Several months ago I injured my knee joint, which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses, but now I know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with.
Yours truly, T. P. LAWRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
Is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister; yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain, or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of joints or limbs, and also for rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.
Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for man as well as beast.
☞ Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you; or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Feb. 18, 1881.-9m.

VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED SEP. 1st 1876.
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